

HELL'S KITCHEN • SPY VS. SPY • CLASS CLOWNS



MAD IND[®]



**MY NAME IS
EARLFRED**

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#470 OCTOBER 2006 \$3.99 CHEAP!

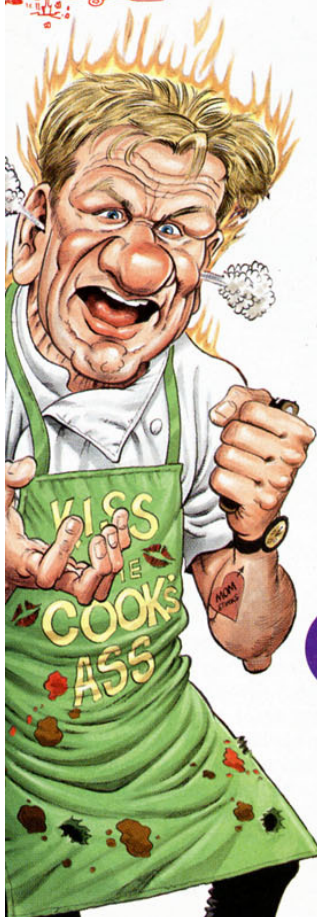
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madmag.com

The problem with parents putting in their two cents is that they expect change!



ALFRED E. NEUMAN



MAD

OCTOBER 2006

NUMBER 470

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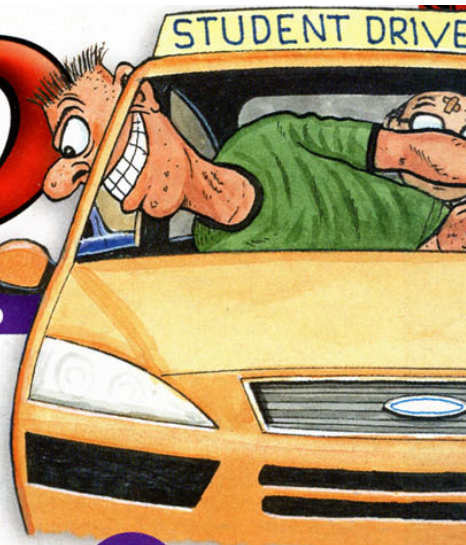
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FROM SUPES TO NUTS

Before parodying a well-known superhero such as Superman, please do at least a little research beforehand! Superman's #1 statement in "My Complaints, Gripes and Pet Peeves" (MAD #467) refers to Supergirl as his cousin from Krypton — but this is not the case! Supergirl is from Argo — a neighboring planet to Krypton — and she only becomes Superman's adopted sister because the Kent family cares for her once she arrives on Earth (Superman Adventures #21). But yes, I know I have too much time on my hands. So go ahead and make your jokes — as long as you send me free stuff afterwards!

Jacob Williams, Louisville, KY

Less Than Jake — Wow! You sure do know a lot about Supergirl. We're guessing that's the beginning and the end of your knowledge of the ladies, though! Enjoy your Fortress of Solitude! —Ed.



IT'S A TAD, TAD, TAD, TAD WORLD

I would like writer Tim Carvell to know that I think "Planet Tad!!!!!" is goofy, funny and weird. It's my favorite part of the magazine. I hope MAD continues to print Planet Tad — well, as long as it stays funny.

Melissa Streib, High Ridge, MO

Melle Mel — We were with you right up until that last line. Apparently you hold this magazine to an impossibly high standard! Funny or not, we have to fill the pages somehow! Thanks for reading...for now. —Ed.

SCHMUCK OF THE IRISH

I had been looking in all the bookstores here and I was on the verge of writing in the hopes you might send a copy. I decided to take one more visit to a bookstore and lo and behold, the July edition of MAD. I was surprised, though, at the location they categorized MAD. I think this will bring a chuckle, but they had put it on the top shelf, along with *Playboy*, *Vixens* and other such magazines. I know MAD has a sense of humor that works on multiple levels, but I'd hardly classify it as "Adult" material.

Martin O'Connor, Galway, Ireland

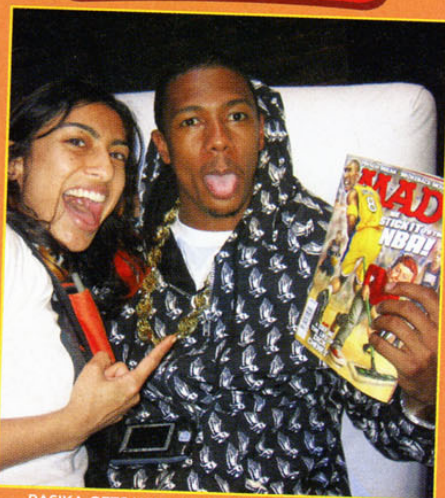
Martypants — A likely story! Tell the truth, you sweaty little pervert — you didn't stumble upon these dirty magazines while innocently looking for MAD! Rather, you stumbled upon MAD while fiendishly looking for smut! We've heard Irish porn is particularly awesome — is there any truth to that rumor, or is it just an ugly stereotype? Either way, enjoy the issue of MAD...and anything else you purchased that day (wink wink!) —Ed.

ALFRED LOOK-A-LIKE

This month's Alfred E. Neuman look-alike "winner" is Chucky Hudson, courtesy of Timothy Stinson of Bay Saint Louis, MS. We're a little miffed, Timbo — Chucky poses for the pic, but you're the one who gets the one-year sub? We hope that you'll at least share it with Chucky. 'Cause it seems unfair to us that he has to live his life looking like Alfred AND doesn't even get to enjoy the one good thing that comes out of it! —Ed.



MAD NIFTY FIFTY CELEBRITY SNAPS



RASIKA GETS WILD 'N OUT WITH NICK CANNON

I am one of the improv idiots on Nick Cannon's show *Wild 'N Out*. I would love to win the three-year subscription to MAD. I got the goods. Here is the photo of me with Nick holding the mag. Contrary to popular belief, this picture was actually hard for me to obtain. One of the producers quipped, "How about we just give you \$30 and you go away?" Boy, they sure do love me over there! Nick even asked, "What's in it for me?"

Rasika Mathur, Los Angeles, CA

Mind Over Mathur — Congrats on getting this Nifty Fifty™ Celebrity Snap! So, this photo was hard for you to get? Well, you know how it is with those improv comedians — you have to give them lots of time to prepare when you want them to be funny. But it paid off — hell, you even got Nick to do that hilarious pose with his tongue sticking out — how did he ever come up with that one? He sure is quick on his feet! That's probably why he gets the big bucks, while you're left begging for free subscriptions! Anyway, enjoy your three-year subscription and your special bonus gift. —Ed.

FINDERS KIEFERS

In MAD #467 you had a segment called "How Does Jack Bauer Spend the Rest of the Month?" There are some things wrong in this. One thing is the fact that Jack is on a boat heading to China, so he couldn't do any other things. Another is that President Palmer's funeral took place the day after his death, not one week after. Also, I'm pretty sure that Jack's phone is a Nextel, not a Verizon.

Andy Pacher, Webster, NY

Cotton Andy — You've inspired us! To thank you for pointing out these errors, we've decided to write "How Does Andy Pacher Spend the Rest of the Month?" So far we've got: Monday: write an annoyingly nit-picky letter to MAD; Tuesday: eat entire bag of Cheetos while re-watching season one of *24*, and Wednesday: put the finishing touches on the Secretary of Defense James Heller costume for the October 24 convention (at the plush Webster Red Roof Inn)! Thanks for writing and may we suggest renting *Young Guns 2* (Kiefer's performance is nothing short of transcendent)! —Ed.



ALFRED SIGHTINGS

Enclosed is a picture of my recent sighting of a giant Alfred here in Dallas, TX. I spotted him at a local business here that sells mufflers. It's just north of Love Field airport on Northwest Highway. Looks like he's trying to disguise himself as a hillbilly on steroids! I also note Monroe's name on the sign in the background — I wonder if they're working together there?



Jeffrey King, Dallas, TX

Jeffy Pop — What really creeped us out was that the first Alfred sighting (MAD #463) was also of a disturbingly huge, straw-hat wearing Alfred — and was all the way in freakin' New Jersey! We don't know if it's a conspiracy, or crop circle-sque coincidence, but either way, we're staying off highways! —Ed.

If you have eyes (and we suspect you do, since you're reading this) be on the lookout for Alfred in other unusual places. Send your photos to Alfred Sightings, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

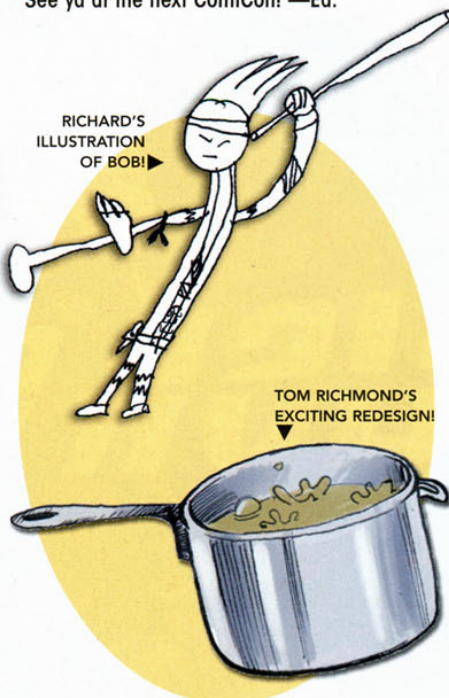
A DRAW DEAL

I would like to know if you could make a comic strip using Bob. He was the first character I ever made. If you take this offer, you may choose his fate, but give him a long life.

Richard Steven Quilico, New York, NY

P.S. Change the drawing any way you want, just don't make him ugly.

For Richard or Poorer — We don't usually do this, but in your case, your creation was too hot of a character to pass up. We took you up on your offer to redesign Bob. Here's what artist Tom Richmond came up with! Look for his first (and final) appearance on page 56! See ya at the next ComiCon! —Ed.



MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Enclosed is my entry for MAD Fan of the Month. I hope you like it.

Sydney Anderson, Petoskey, MI

P.S. How about giving me a special mention for youngest MAD fan? I'm 11.



Syd on it — You call yourself a loyal MAD fan, and yet *this* is how you treat your precious magazines? You throw them about your living room, and then you sit on them? Shame on you. We would expect this kind of behavior from a 10-year-old, but by now, you should know better! That said, you'll still be receiving a one-year MAD subscription. We hope you'll treat them more responsibly. —Ed.

P.S. To Your P.S. — No!



SHOW AND BEHOLD

I have been a fan of MAD for quite some time now and have never been quite as compelled to sit down and write to your magazine as I am now. I would just like to thank Jacob Lambert and Simon Gane for their piece "Reasons You Should Definitely Skip Summer Concerts" (MAD #468). So many topics covered in this piece are issues I have dealt with myself and also reasons that I chose not to go to many of this summer's concerts. Although, I do plan on attending Bumbershoot in September, but I will be sure to watch out for the overzealous Event Staff as I was forewarned!

Jenny Royer, Port Orchard, WA

Jenny From The Block — Well, thanks for writing, but we bet there are even more reasons you're skipping so many concerts.

- Taco Bell manager wouldn't give you the time off
 - Crippling fear of tailgaters
 - Too busy finding ways to "thank" Jacob Lambert and Simon Gane to buy tickets
 - Ashlee Simpson just not touring
- Enjoy Bumbleshoes — send us a concert shirt! —Ed.

MAD ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

This Deal Or No Deal-themed Envelope of the Month was sent in by Luke Ellison of Toledo, OH. Hey, wait a minute, Luke, we have the banker on the phone. "Hello?...Yes, I'll offer him a one-year subscription...O.K. I'll see if he takes it... Actually, he has no choice!" So, Luke...open your mailbox! —Ed.



LUKE ELLISON TAKES THE DEAL

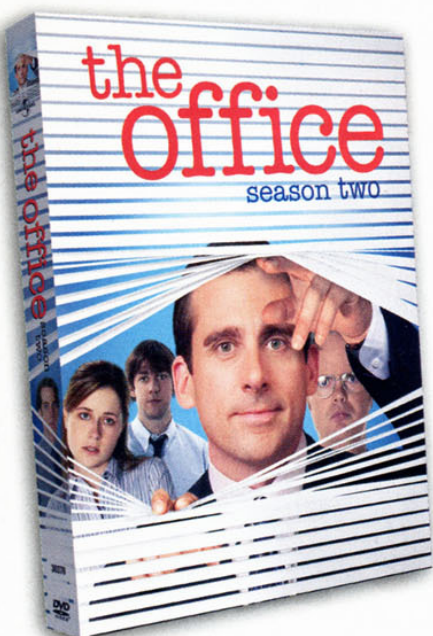


**MADMUMBLINGS@
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Strangers have the best candy — run-theygotguns...Have you considered the possibility that your stove moonlights as a '76 Buick? — dehydratedsquash...I might be the only one but I don't think Oscar Meyer has the best bologna — bobopatchy...Yeah, it's all fun and games 'til the flying monkeys attack! — mamabozz...So, the squirrels were lying to me all along — madmofo5...If a cookie falls out of the sky and you eat it do you get one wish? — squidmonkey...Stairway to heaven, Highway to hell...well, that explains a few things — cdsfour...I believe in life before death — dontdomyelevator.

READER ALERT!

Those of you lucky enough to have your letter printed on this month's Letters Page will receive a copy of *The Office: Season Two* on DVD, courtesy of Universal Studios Home Entertainment. For you pathetic losers who didn't win a free copy, take heart — the DVD is on sale now!



**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD #471
ON SALE OCTOBER 17!**

**GREY'S ANATOMY &
THIS YEAR'S HOTTEST
HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!**

MAD CONTEST WINNER!

Congratulations to Jennifer Day of Dearborn, MI on winning the Epiphone SG™ special electric player pack from our contest in MAD #464! Please note that we will be unable to replace the guitar if you decide to smash it after your first big solo!



JENN "SLASH" DAY AND HER PLAYER PACK

Don't forget to send
in your vote for...

THE BIG QUESTION

This month we ask:
Which celebrity would you most like to see
get attacked by a Bird Flu-infected Emu?

- ☐ American Idol loser Katharine McPhee
- ☐ What's-his-name who plays Superman
- ☐ Former soft-porn model turned Beatle gold digger Heather Mills McCartney
- ☐ Daniel "We'll show you what a bad day is" Powder

Send in your pick to Amy "The Big Question" Vozeolas. c/o MAD Magazine,
1700 Broadway, NY, NY 10019.

We'll illustrate the "winner"
in an upcoming issue!

**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD CLASSICS #11
ON SALE OCTOBER 17!**

**OUR SCARY LOOK AT HALLOWEEN,
OUR EERIE FOOTBALL
COVERAGE AND TERRIFYING
TAKES ON POLITICS!**

MAD

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John Nee vp • business development

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Cheryl Rubin senior vp • brand management

Jeff Trojan vp • business development, DC direct

Bob Wayne vp • sales

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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FISH WHISPERER

I can reach even the most troubled, problem fish with my rare psychic ability coupled with a studied practice of rushing up to the tank quickly while holding a halogen flashlight and banging on the glass. Irene - 830-555-3758

Fit, Buxom, Nude Female Model Wanted

for figure drawing by artist with curious lack of supplies and materials operating out of a studio that looks suspiciously like a Rubbermaid tool shed. Apply in person, 857 Skeeve Street, at small structure in back. Please do not disturb tenant in main house; finished artwork to be an anniversary present for my wife.

70'S PORN STAR POOL CLEANERS!

The pool cleaners who clean your pool to a looped, generic wah-wah pedal-heavy disco soundtrack!

All employees guaranteed mustached and wearing too-short cut-off jeans and calf-high striped athletic socks! Relax on the chaise and rub cocoa butter on your ample freckled brown bosom while we do the work! Frank 818-555-3755

AIRPORT SECURITY

Greet People From All Over the World! And then confiscate their nail clippers. Apply in person daily 9am-1pm, 2380 Avion Way, Ste. 390. Surly, disinterested candidates with little eye for detail, poor judgment and worse people skills are always given top priority!

NOTICE OF PENDING CLASS ACTION LAWSUIT

Did your deciduous trees shed their leaves causing you to rake them, clean out your gutters or hire someone to perform any work associated with leaf removal between September 9, 1642 and November 27, 2005? You may be entitled to a settlement in ongoing litigation against God and Mother Nature. Please contact the Law Offices of Nuisance & Frivolous 626-555-3758

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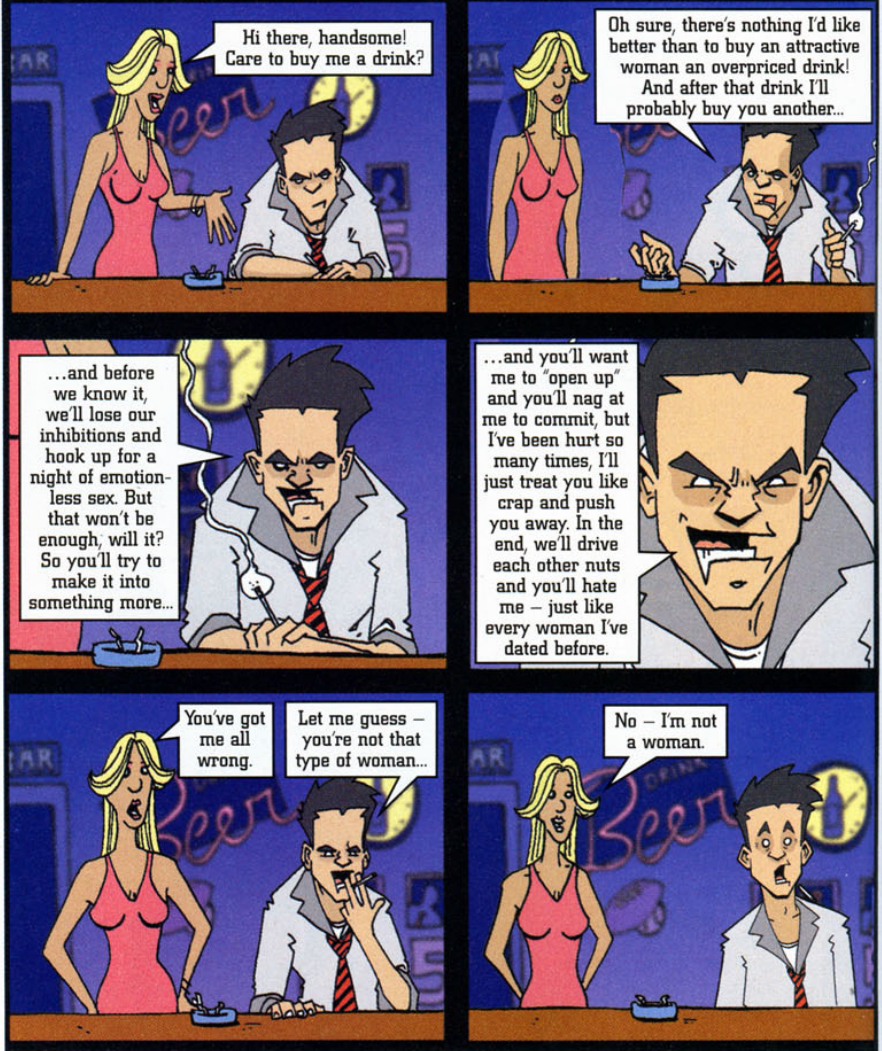
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THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 5 choices best completes this phrase?

THE ONLY THING CERTAIN IS THAT __?__ING IS CERTAIN

1. NOTH__
2. KIRSTIE ALLEY'S RETURN TO BINGE__
3. STAR JONES HISSYFITT__
4. POLITICIANS LY__
5. MADONNA TRYING TO BE SHOCK__



Saddam Sez:

PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



PAGES

WEY TO GO!



"THIS IS WHERE I FIRST GOT THE IDEA TO PUSH YOUR MOTHER OFF A CLIFF."

THE FAST 5

LIKELY FUTURE QUOTES FROM ANN COULTER

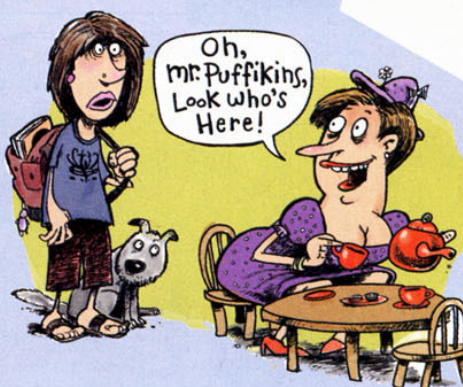
- 1 "Oh, and I forgot, 9-11 widows have fat asses."
- 2 "Listen, just because those Third World children are 'starving' doesn't mean they can't swat a damn fly off their crusty lip."
- 3 "Having respect for someone whose values differ from your own is like condoning stupidity."
- 4 "If some retard girl gets knocked up by her pedophile pantywaist of a father, should she be allowed an abortion? No. Plus, she was probably happy to get ANY action."
- 5 "Muslims should be rounded up, cooked in a nice, big crock-pot, and served to the sacred goats or whatever the hell voodoo god they worship."

TROUBLING SIGNS THAT YOUR PARENTS ACTUALLY ARE CRAZY

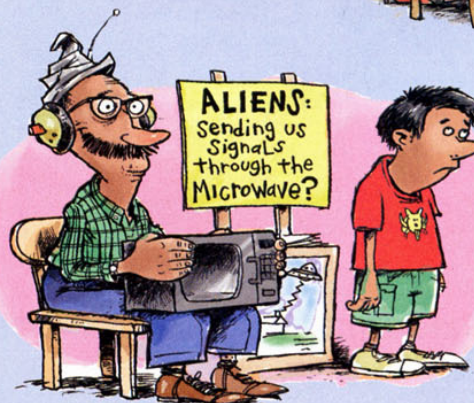
They've raised you to be a strong, independent young woman — which is upsetting, since you're their son.



Years after you've given them up, your mom still keeps in touch with your imaginary friends.



ALIENS: Sending us Signals through the Microwave?



You're probably the only kid in school who gets worse grades when your dad helps out too much with your science fair projects.

THE NFL'S REF REPORT: THIS MONTH—"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"



Once upon a time, a beautiful girl tearfully exchanged herself for her imprisoned father...



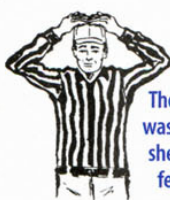
And was forced to live with a huge beast!



For a long time she refused to talk or listen to him...



But when he pledged to become a better person, the beast turned into a handsome prince!



The beautiful girl was shocked when she saw him, and fell so in love...



That they hugged...



And danced...



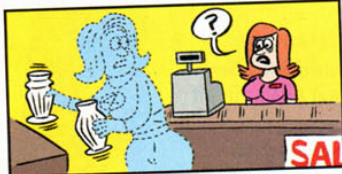
And touched each other's buttocks...



And they lived happily ever after. Good night, everybody!

THE FUNDALINI PAGES

OTHER COMIC BOOK CHARACTER SECRETS FOLLOWING
BATWOMAN'S COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET...



Invisible Woman once used her power to shoplift crystal vases from Macy's and then resold them on eBay



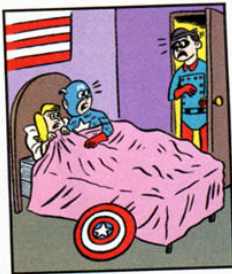
Poison Ivy is a chocoholic



Dick Tracy often pulls over African-American drivers for no reason



Lex Luthor has irritable bowel syndrome



Captain America once had an affair with an intern



Aquaman was caught trying to smuggle in cigars from Cuba in his wetsuit

IN THE ZEITGEIST OF ZYGLIS

THE
PASSION
OF THE
Cuervo



#@★
JEWS!!!

ADAM ZYGLIS 2006

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Garth Gerhart Jeff Kruse Jacob Lambert Scott Maiko Patrick Merrell Teresa Burns Parkhurst

Rich Powell Johnny Ryan Kiernan P. Schmitt Jack Syracuse P.C. Vey Adam Zyglis

FUNDALINI FOTO NEWS: PRESIDENT BUSH RUBS GERMAN CHANCELLOR ANGELA MERKEL THE WRONG WAY

Yowzaa! Now I see
why my daddy wanted
to bring down the
Berlin Wall!



How about tonight
you, me and Condi form our
own "Axis of Evil"?



Play your cards
right and I'll nominate
you for a Supreme
Court seat, too!



Dummkopf! If
I didn't put out for
Clinton, I'm certainly
not going to put
out for you!



Schnitzel
tease!





SWINDLER'S LIST DEPT.

Critics say it's the most entertaining show on NBC! That's like saying something's the best action show on the Home Shopping Network! Or the most masculine show on Oxygen! Or the smartest show on MTV! Anyway, point is, NBC is the same network that thinks "entertainment" means *Teachers*, *Deal or No Deal* and *Joey*! So if it really is the network's BEST show, you have to ask just...

HOW LAME IS EARL

WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE

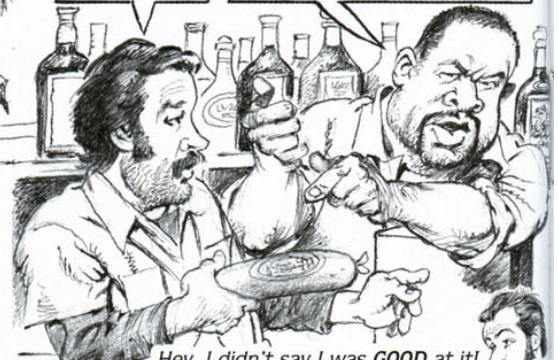
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



My name's Hurl Sickey. For my entire life I've been a lying, immoral, dishonest, deceitful scumbag! Which meant that I had the choice of two possible careers! And since running for Congress takes a lot of work, I became a thief!

Give me all the money in the register!

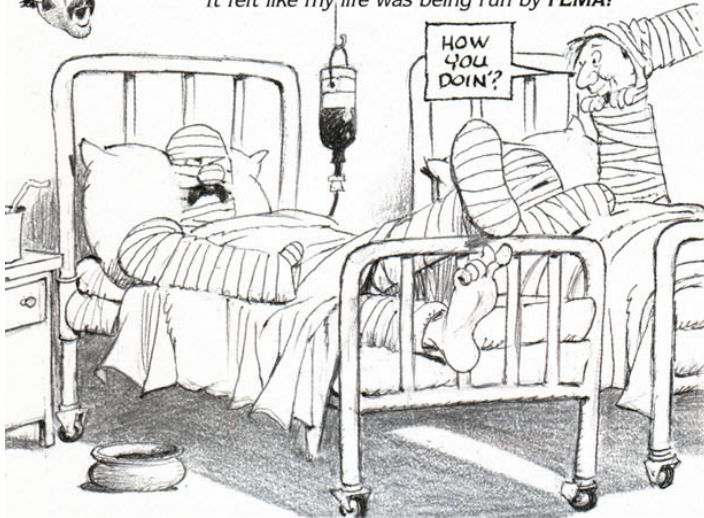
Are you kidding me? Holding up my store with a salami? Get outta here, you bum!



Hey, I didn't say I was GOOD at it!



I lost the winning lottery ticket and wound up in the hospital! I was flat broke, in poor health and no one could help me! It felt like my life was being run by FEMA!



HOW YOU DOIN'?

And then something amazing happened...

Yeah, bro. I just try to kick it one day at a time! Karma, y'know, dude?

Arrrrrrgh! Yaaaaaaa-aaaargh! I can't take it! The agony!

Wow! That guy's in a lot of pain! Is he having a heart attack?

No, he's listening to Carson Daly trying to be insightful! This poor man needs 600 ccs of Novocaine and some earplugs! STAT!

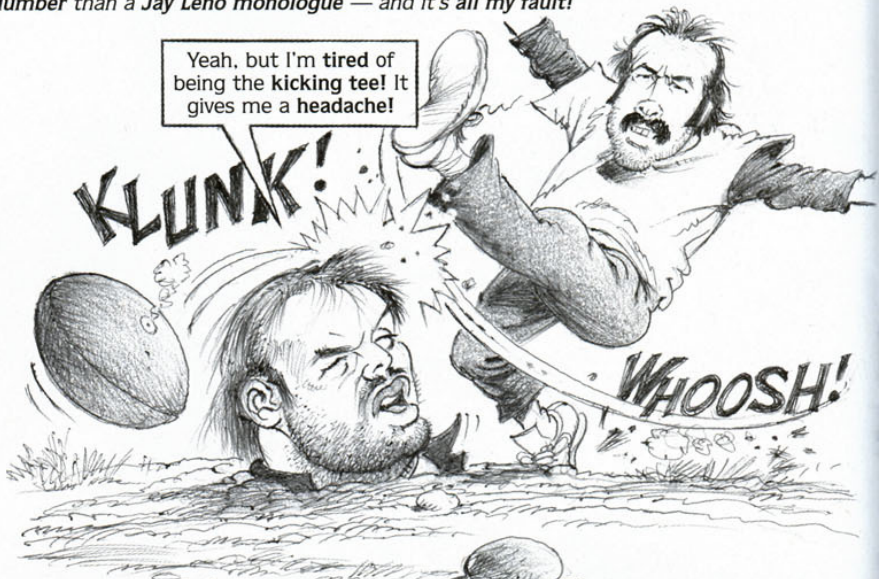


And, I owed my brother, Blandly, too! He's dumber than a Jay Leno monologue — and it's all my fault!

Hey, Hurl, I don't wanna play football anymore!

What're you talking about? You LOVE football!

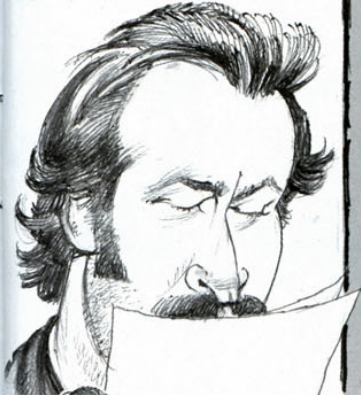
Yeah, but I'm tired of being the kicking tee! It gives me a headache!



Not too long ago, I won \$100,000 from a scratch-off lottery ticket! Undeserved riches without doing any actual work! I felt just like Paris Hilton!



Well, I thought Carson Daly made a good point! To fix my karma I wrote up a list of all the suffering I had caused and vowed to make amends! Think of it as American white trash combined with Eastern spiritual philosophy! It's like Jerry Springer meets the Dalai Lama!



And I owed a lot of folks! Like my ex-wife, Toy! Back in the day, she was a beauty queen! And she might actually have won if it hadn't been for my coaching...

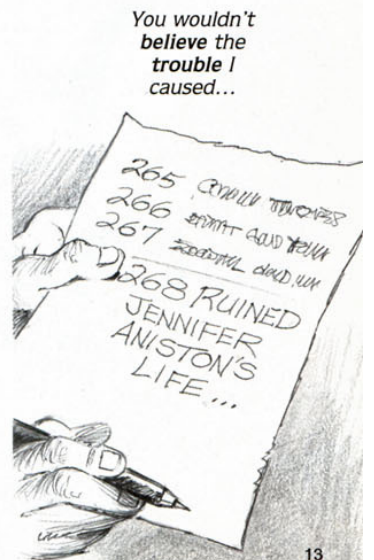
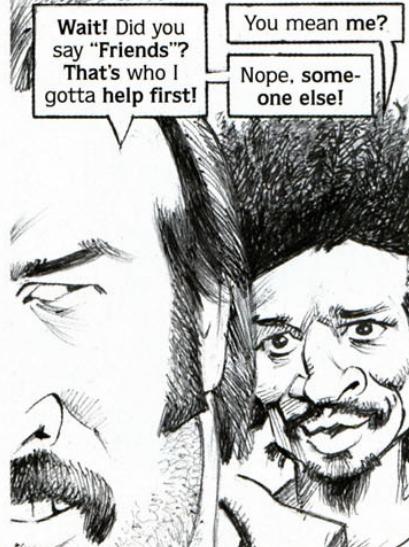
I'm sorry, Mrs. Sickey, but you've failed the talent competition of our pageant!

What?! How come?

Because despite what your husband claims, "Cutting Back On Vodka Tonics During Two Of My Three Pregnancies" doesn't qualify as a "talent"!



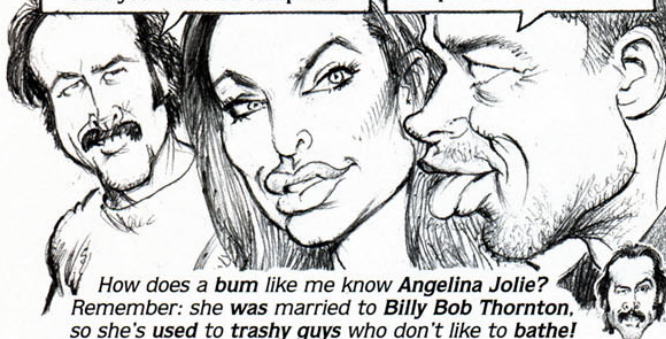
Aside from my family, who else should I help? I was thinking it over at my favorite restaurant...



You know that *queasy feeling* you get when you see yet another picture of Brangelina being all lovey-dovey on the cover of a magazine? That's my fault! It started a couple of years ago, when Brad Pitt was still married to Jennifer Aniston...

Brad, this is Angelina! She's a gorgeous sex maniac, but since you're married to the most beautiful woman on TV, I'm sure you won't be tempted!

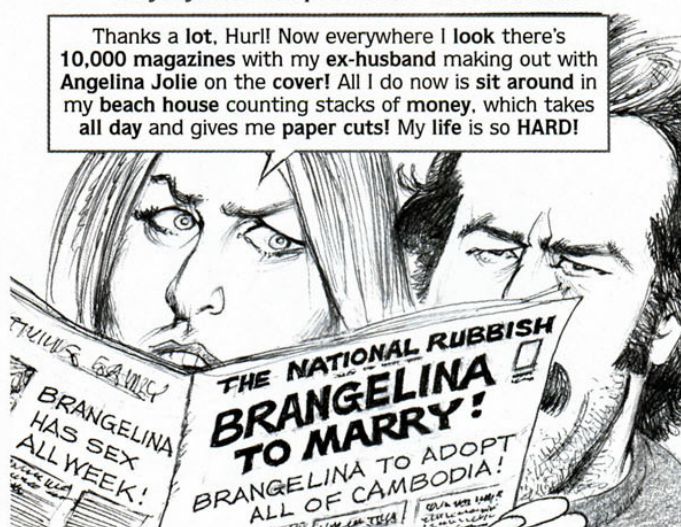
Hamanahamana! I'll do anything you want! Leave my wife! Shave my head! Play with all your adopted kids! Zoweeee!



How does a bum like me know Angelina Jolie? Remember: she was married to Billy Bob Thornton, so she's used to trashy guys who don't like to bathe!

Anyway, Brad dumped Jennifer and I felt bad...

Thanks a lot, Hurl! Now everywhere I look there's 10,000 magazines with my ex-husband making out with Angelina Jolie on the cover! All I do now is sit around in my beach house counting stacks of money, which takes all day and gives me paper cuts! My life is so HARD!



So it was up to me to find something to keep Jennifer busy!

Why are you still mad at me? I got you a bunch of movie roles!

Schmuck! They all bombed! Now I have to figure out how to get my career back...um, while sitting in my beach house counting my money!

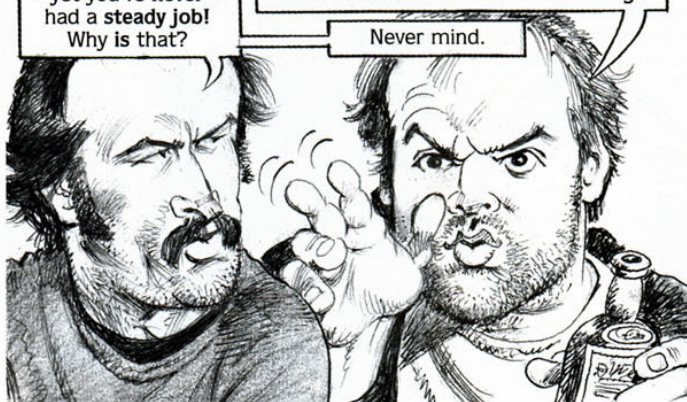


While looking over my list, I asked Blandly how he always had time to hang out with me...

You know, Blandly, it's kind of amazing! You're 30 years old, yet you've never had a steady job! Why is that?

I don't know, but check it out! I can make my hand turn into THREE hands! All I have to do is drink this case of beer and then stare at it without blinking!

Never mind.



Okay, so my brother's a drunken moron and — hey! That gives me an idea who to help next...

A few years back, Blandly and I took a trip to Washington, DC....

Hey, Hurl! Guess what? I just figured out why they call this place the WHITE House!

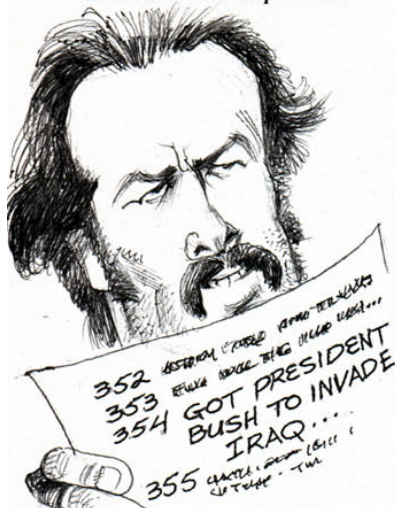
Um, maybe 'cause it's painted white?

Oh. Yeah. I guess that's a good reason, too.

Yeesh. I swear, Blandly, you must be the dumbest guy in the building!

Hey, fellas, look at this! I can make my hand turn into FOUR hands!

Spoke too soon...





Why was the President talking to a couple of lowlifes like us? Hey, he was buddies with bribe-master Jack Abramoff and all those crooks at Enron, so the George W. Bush Friendship Standards ain't all that high!

Fellas, I want to invade Iraq, even though Saddam had nothing to do with 9/11, we're stretched thin in Afghanistan and Iraq doesn't have WMDs!

Well, Mr. President, you have two choices! You can either do the intelligent thing by thinking rationally about the situation, at which point you'll realize that an invasion makes no sense, or you can just go with your gut!

Me? I always go with my gut!

War it is!

I'm going with my gut! Prepare the troops! We're going in! Invade Iraq! Invade Iraq! Yeeeeehaw!

Well, what would you do?

MOMMA

I probably should've mentioned that in my lifetime all "going with my gut" has ever gotten me is a bunch of hangovers, a couple of jail sentences and a bad case of herpes!

Anyway, here we are three years later, and if I was going to make my amends with Karma, I had to convince President Bush to get the troops out of Iraq! I didn't know what I was going to say, but I had to get to the White House...and fast!



Problem is, when you're recovering from a three-pack-a-day smoking habit, running ain't exactly in your skill set!

Mr. President...huff! ...I ran...huff!... here...gasp...to say ...wheeze...that —

I can't understand you over all that gasping! Start over!

I said, "I ran here to —"

Wait! That's it! "IRAN!" We'll invade IRAN! Rumsfeld, get in here! We've got some Iraners to kill! Yeeeeehaw!

Well, technically speaking, I just had to get the troops out of Iraq! I didn't say they had to wind up anywhere better!

Okay, this one is a HUGE mess! And again, it's all my fault!



See, it was my idea for Tom to go on the Today show last year to explain to people how Scientology isn't some wacky cult created by a nutjob sci-fi writer to make himself rich...

Brooke Shields' depression can be cured by working out, taking vitamins...and paying huge fees to our church to learn how to remove the intergalactic Thetans from her mind!

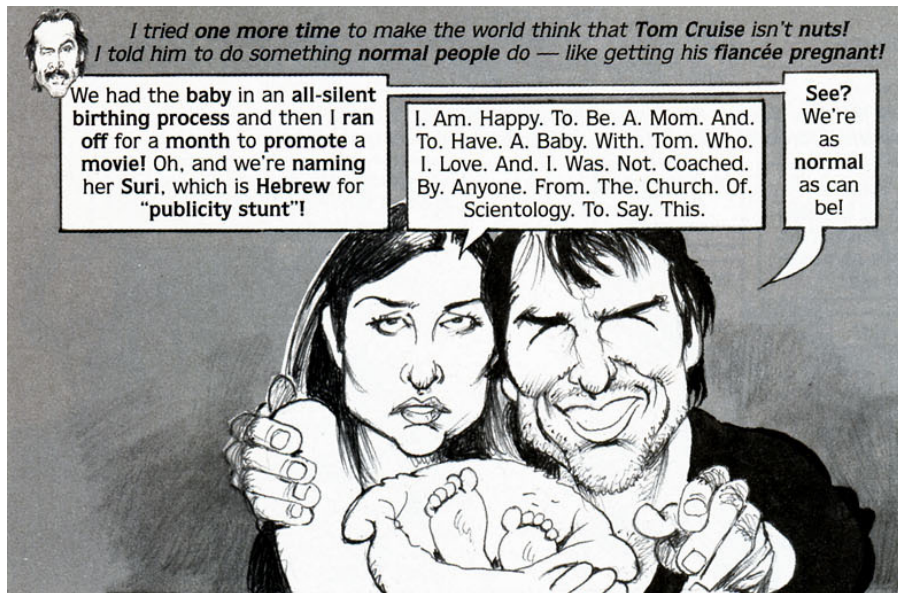
TODAY SHOW

So now it was my job to make Tom look normal again! Talk about your Mission: Impossible!

I told Tom he had to come up with something to make people forget about his crazy-ass performance on Today ...

Oprah, I'm in love with Katie Holmes! I love her! I love her! Waaaaahooooo!

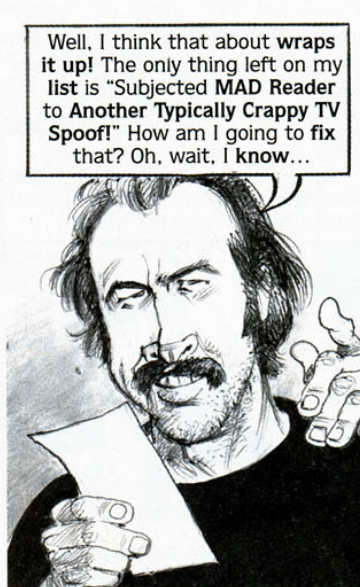
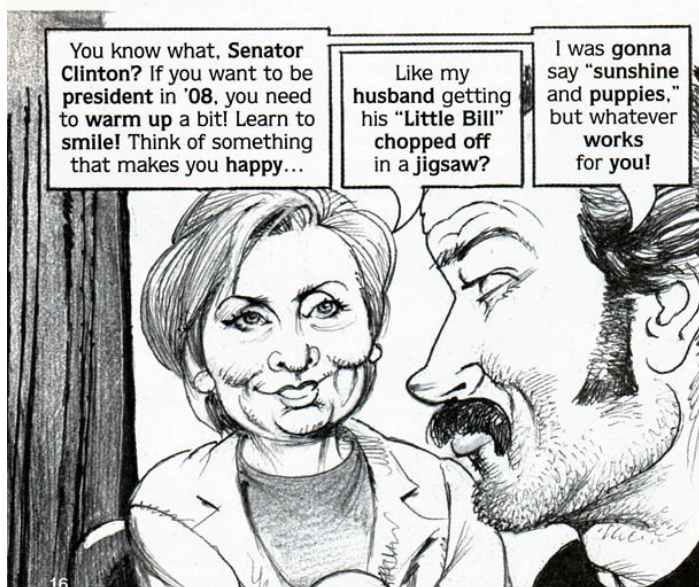
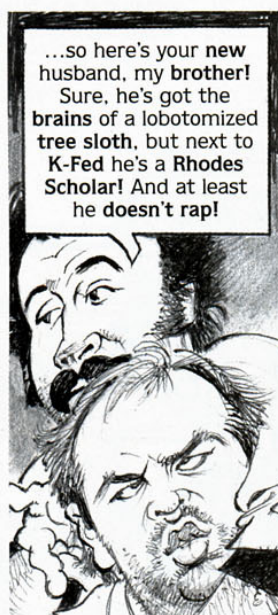
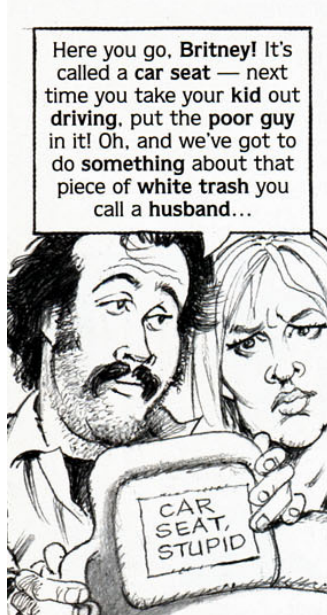
Now I have to distract people from that Oprah appearance, too!



At this rate, we're gonna run on longer than Star Jones at a drive-thru window! Better wrap with our ol' standby: a montage! So for the next few panels, pretend like there's a song from the Fifties in the background...



Yeah, I know my name's not "Johnny," but no one ever wrote a song called "Earl B. Goode"!





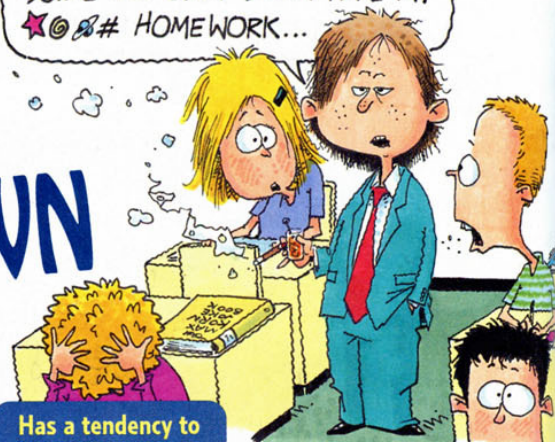
THE JOKE'S ON YOUTH DEPT.

Since the dawn of mankind, class clowns have waged the relentless battle against classroom boredom. But being a class clown is harder than it looks — and watching a bad one is more excruciating than actually sitting through that boring lecture about wombat mating rituals! So, before you start cracking jokes, be sure to study:

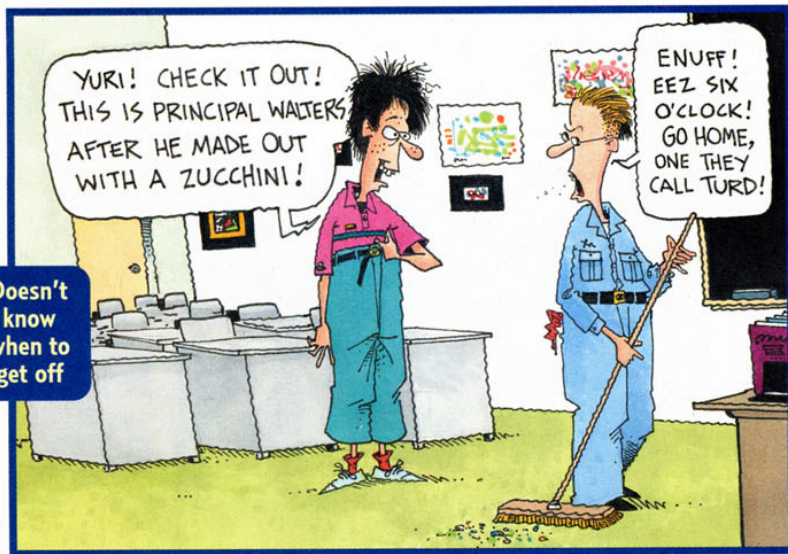
JOHN CALDWELL'S

BACK-TO-SCHOOL LOOK AT THE COMMON MISCUES, FLUBS & SCREW-UPS OF THE NOVICE CLASS CLOWN

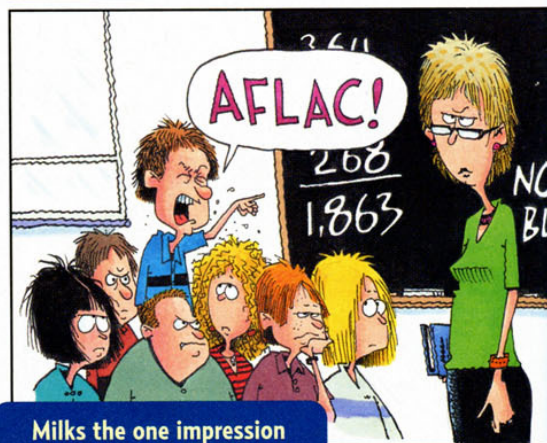
THE ★❄️#!! DOG NOT ONLY ATE MY ☹️❄️# HOMEWORK... HE ATE IT AND THEN ★❄️# CRAPPED IT ON THE FRONT #★❄️# LAWN! AND THEN, DON'T I ❄️#☹️# STEP IN IT ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL... SO... I NOT ONLY DON'T HAVE MY ★❄️# HOMEWORK...



Has a tendency to work "too blue"



Doesn't know when to get off



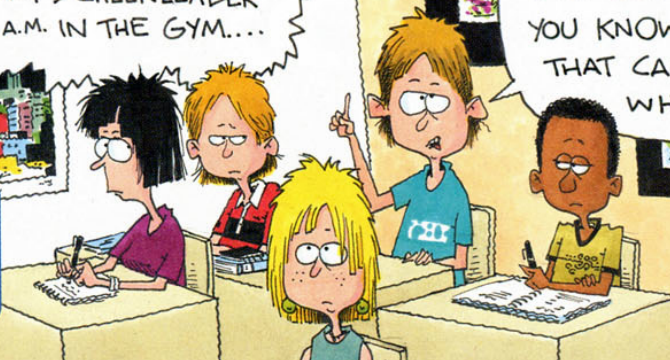
Milks the one impression that he does just barely well enough to be recognizable



I REPEAT... CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS HAVE BEEN MOVED TO 11 A.M. THAT'S CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS... 11 A.M. IN THE GYM....

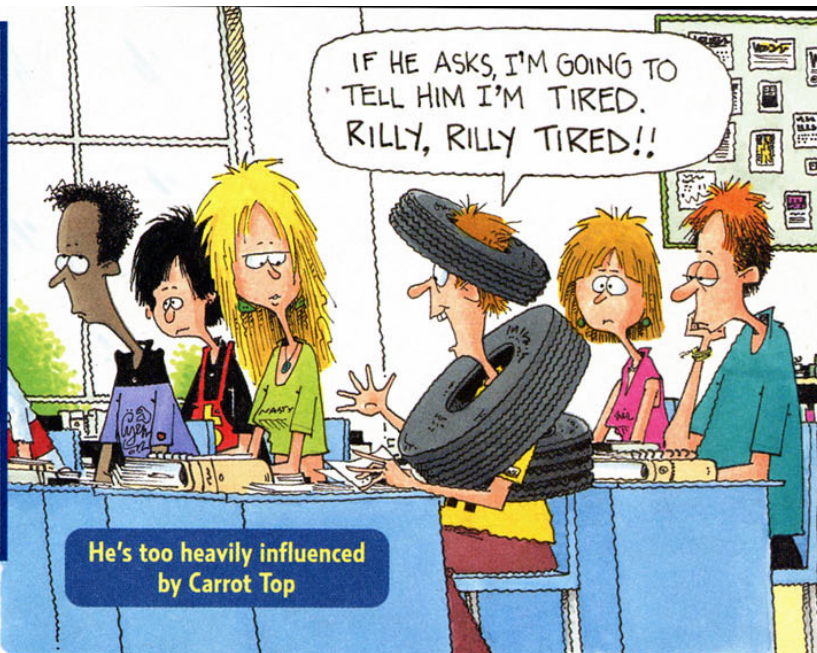
Displays inferior "announcements-of-the-day" improvisational skills

...AND IF YOU EVER TRIED TO DRY OUT A CHEERLEADER, YOU KNOW HOW DIFFICULT THAT CAN..... EH— WHATEVER...





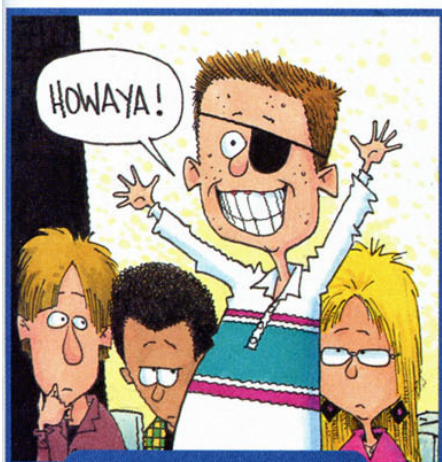
Tries to slip loaded gag weapons past security



He's too heavily influenced by Carrot Top



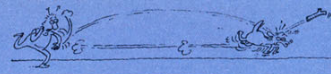
Goes to "David Blaine extremes" to disrupt the class



Misunderstood his mother and thinks it's always funny when somebody puts out an eye



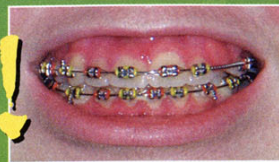
In Spanish class, frequently resorts to those lame, over-the-top, costume-specific routines he's seen on Univision



Planet TAD!!!!


<http://www.galaxyo'blogs.com/planettdad>
 Search

Planet TAD!!!!



[About Me]

[Name] Tad]

[Age] My shoe size plus a few]

[Least-Favorite Superfriend] Gleek, the brain-damaged blue monkey]

[10 September|04:20pm]

[mood] sunburnt]

This weekend, our whole family went to the zoo. And then, for my little sister Sophie, we went to the Children's Zoo. I don't understand the Children's Zoo. Like, isn't the whole zoo for children? It's not like the rest of the zoo is the Adult Zoo, where the bears swear and the giraffes smoke and the chimps give out lap dances.



[12 September|02:37pm]

[mood] slightly happy]

At lunch today, Lindsey Dahl came over and sat with me, which was a surprise, because she's totally hot, which means that usually, she totally ignores me. But today she was really friendly, and said that she really feels bad that we're not good friends like we used to be. Which is weird, because I don't remember us ever being good friends. Still, it was nice of her to say so.

Anyway, she told me that she's running for president of the student council, and her friend Michelle is running for vice president, and their friend Jason is running for treasurer. They want to run as a party, and they need someone to run for secretary with them. She told me that they'd take care of all the campaigning, and once they won, they'd make the secretary's attendance at meetings optional, so I wouldn't even have to show up. She was like, "Pleeeeeeease? You're my number one choice! We can hang out and it'll be lots of fun!" Hanging out with Lindsey sounded pretty good, so I agreed, and she said "Thanks, Ned." Then I said, "It's Tad", and she said, "Duh, I know. It was a joke, Ted."

I don't think I get her jokes.

[15 September|06:13pm]

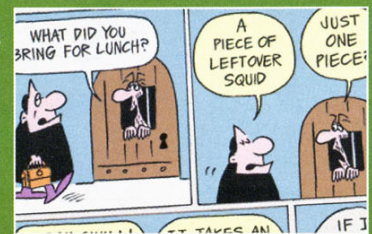
[mood] anxious]

So, they announced the candidates for student council today, and right afterward, my friend Chet ran up to me and said, "So, what did she tell you? That she wanted to be good friends like you used to be?" I guess before she asked me, Lindsey asked him to run for secretary — and Alan, and Jeremy, and pretty much everyone else in the class. She even asked Jeff Knight, who sits alone in the lunchroom and sometimes eats his boogers when he thinks nobody's looking. I was the only one dumb enough to actually do it.

P.S. It turns out Lindsey is Jason's girlfriend. Everybody knew this but me.

[17 September|11:45am]

I was looking at the Sunday comics today and realized something: A lot of the time, *The Wizard of Id* is about torturing prisoners. That's a really weird idea for a comic strip.



[22 September|08:06pm]

[mood|  humiliated]

Ugh. Lindsey and her friends put up all the campaign posters today. Here's one of the ones they made for me:



I asked Lindsey why that was my slogan, and she said, "I dunno. Jason and I were too busy making our posters, so we let his little sister make all of yours."

Yes. My campaign slogan was written by a 10-year-old girl.

After seeing the first poster, I went around the school taking all of mine down, so I can only hope that no one saw them. I really don't want to spend the rest of high school being "Rad Tad, the Secretary."

[25 September|05:57pm]

[mood|  un-rad]

Today, everybody gave speeches about what they'd do if they were elected to the student council. Lindsey said that her platform was that we should be allowed to keep our iPods on during class, that we should be allowed to leave school during lunch, study halls, and math class, and that members of the student council should be paid. I guess I should have asked her what her platform was before I agreed to run with her.

All the students applauded her speech, although I saw the vice principal whispering angrily to the student council adviser, Mr. Kraft, after she finished speaking.

As for my race, my opponents were Christie Woodward, whose campaign promise was that she'd get our school to stop teaching evolution, because evolution is the devil's work, and Jeff Knight, who I guess decided to run after all. His speech was simply, "Vote for me, OK?" And then after that, he tried to turn around so nobody could see him pick his nose.

The good news for me was, I wound up not having to give a speech. When I stood up to speak, some guys in the back of the room started chanting "Tad is Rad! Tad is Rad!", and then everyone started doing it, and even though Mr. Kraft tried to get them to stop, they did it 'til the bell rang.

[28 September|02:41pm]

[mood|  joy]

Whoo hoo! Today was the best election day ever! The school voted this morning, and I was really nervous all through class, waiting for the results. I couldn't even eat at lunch. Then, at the end of the day, all the candidates were called into Mr. Kraft's office, one at a time. That's when he told me: I lost. Like, in a landslide. I got only two votes, and I don't know who those two people were. (Even I didn't vote for myself.) Christie Woodward won the election — I think it's not so much because everyone didn't want to study evolution, as because everyone liked the idea of not having to study, period. When Mr. Kraft told me the results, I must have had a huge smile on my face, because he said again, "Son, you do know that you lost, right?"

I told him that I knew, and that the important thing wasn't whether I won or lost — it's that I learned something about politics. Namely, that I really, really, really hate politics.

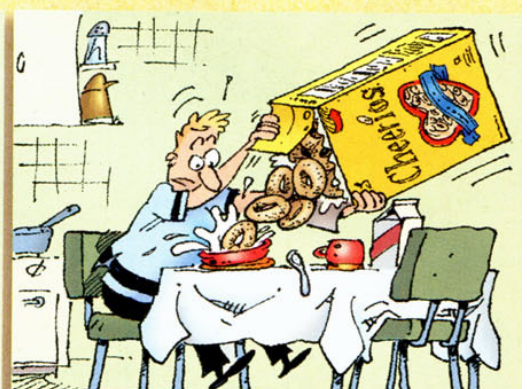
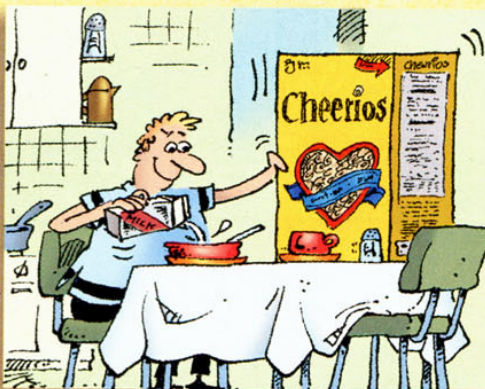
WRITER: TIM CARVELL



SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

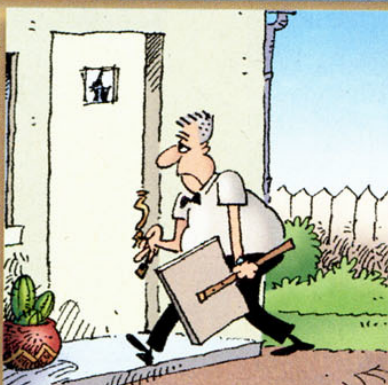
SERGIO ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS

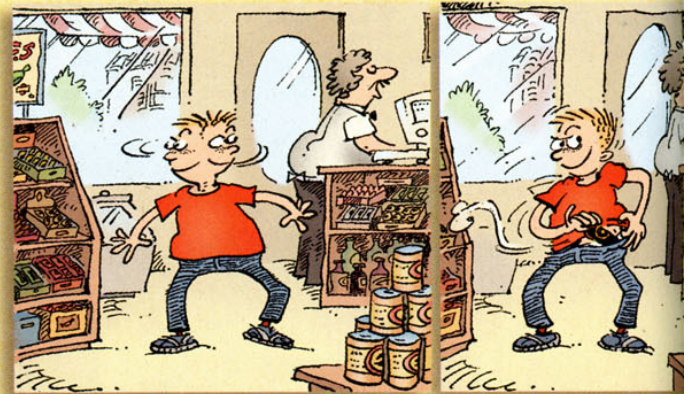
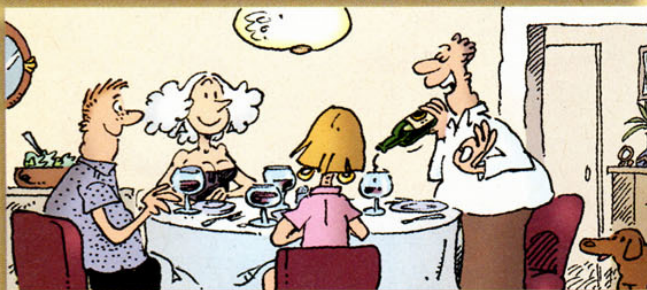
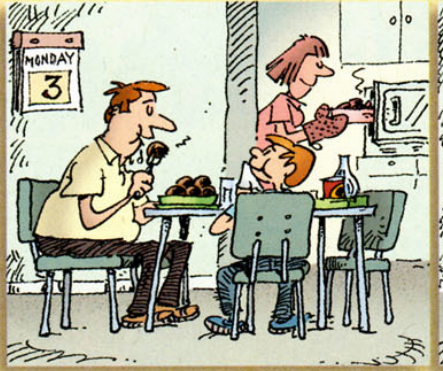
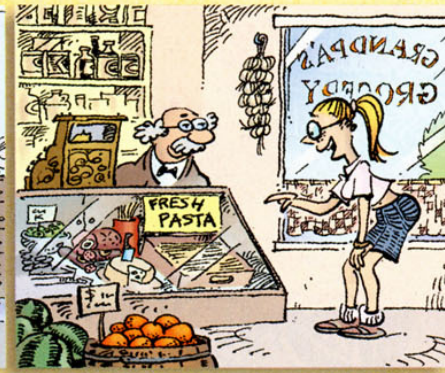
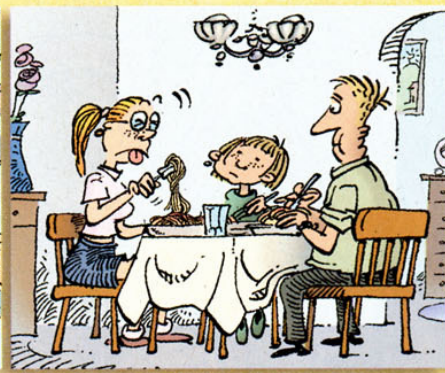
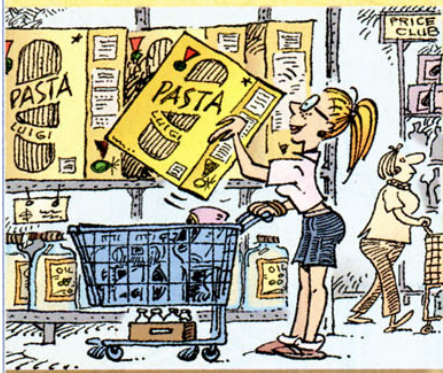
A MAD LOOK AT PRICE CLUBS

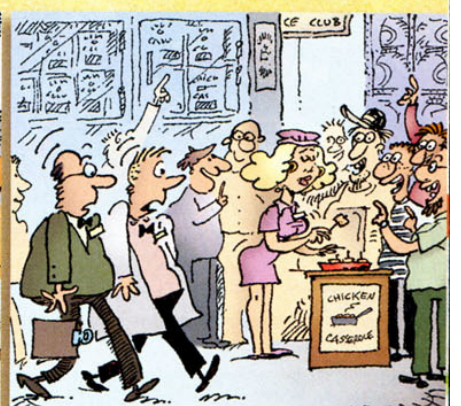
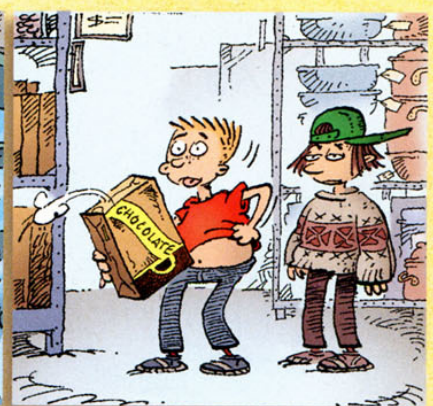
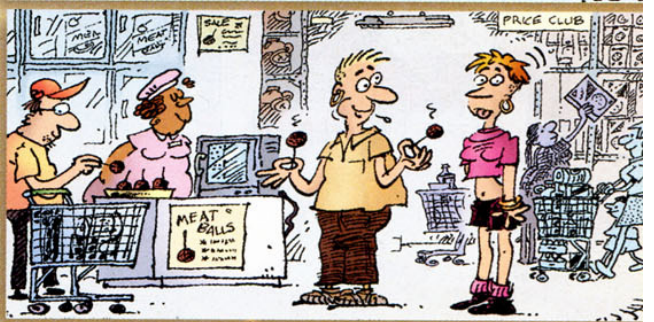
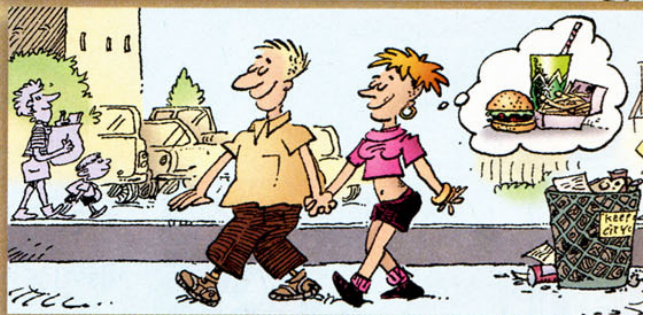
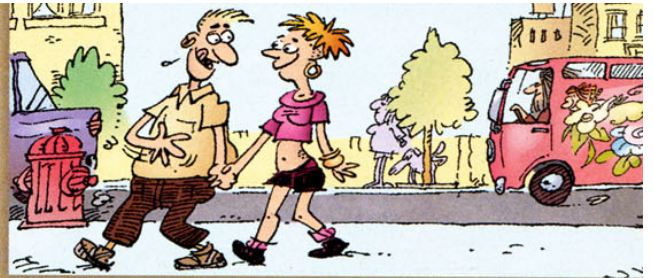


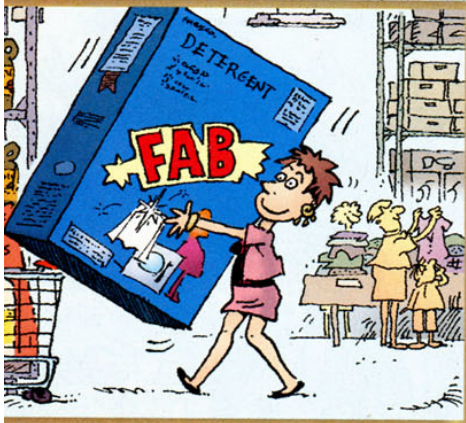
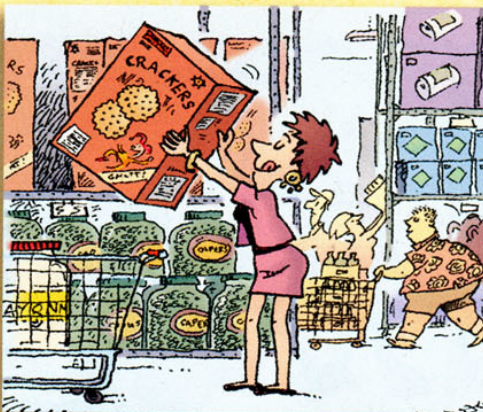
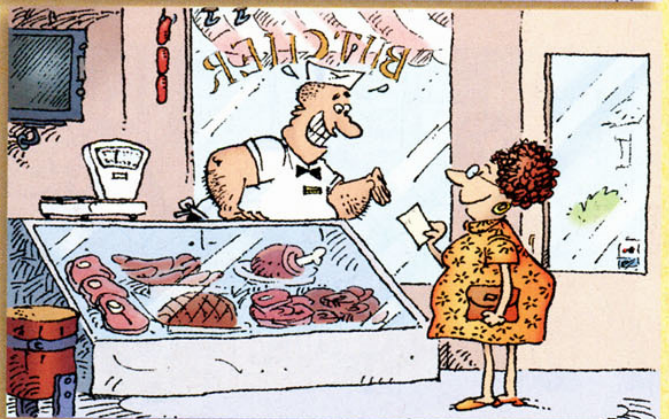
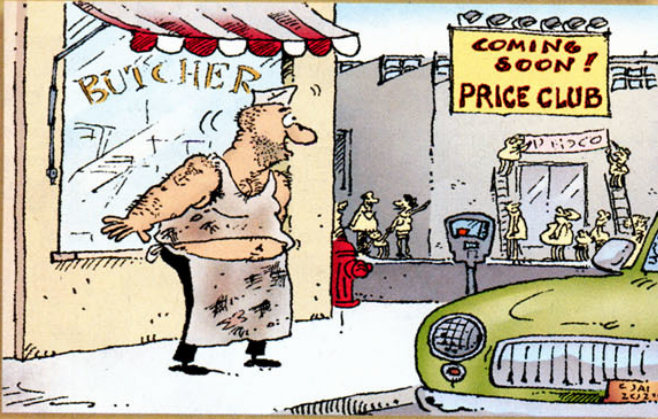
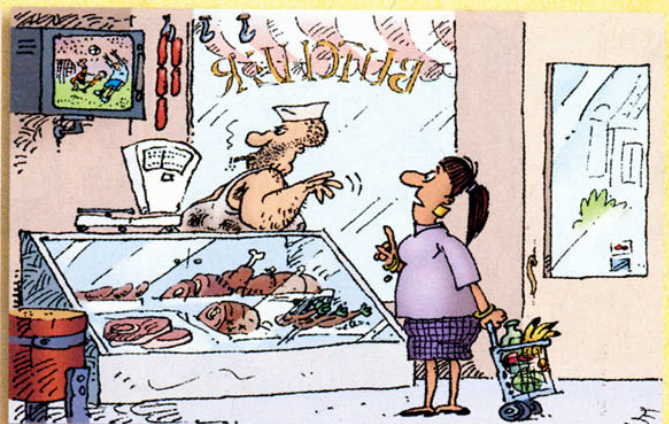
WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

COLORIST: TOM LUTH











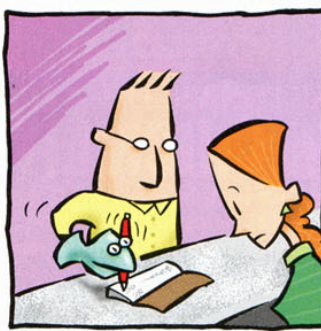
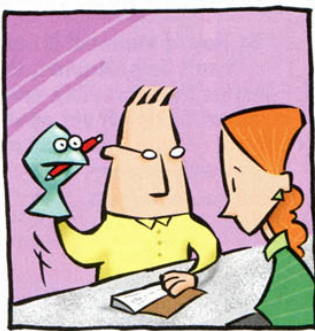
PEN AND STINK DEPT.

THE STRIP CLUB



ME, MYSELF AND MY PUPPET

AT THE STORE



JOHN KOVALESKI

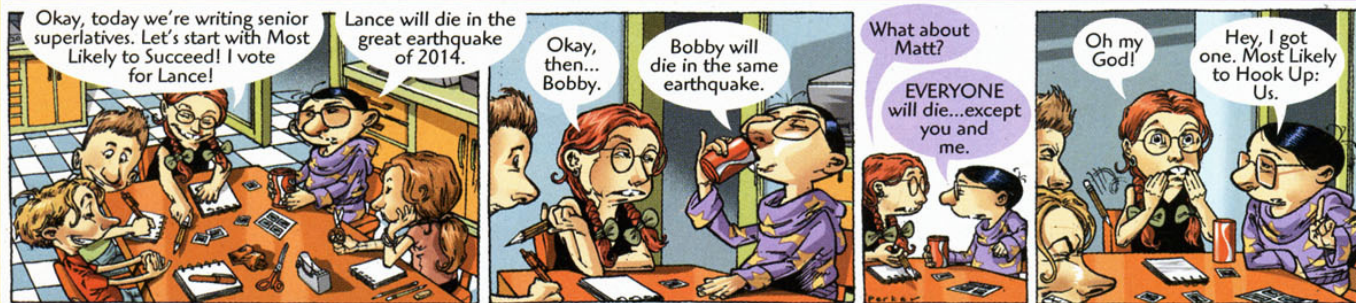
SCOOBY-DON'T!



JASON YUNGBLUTH

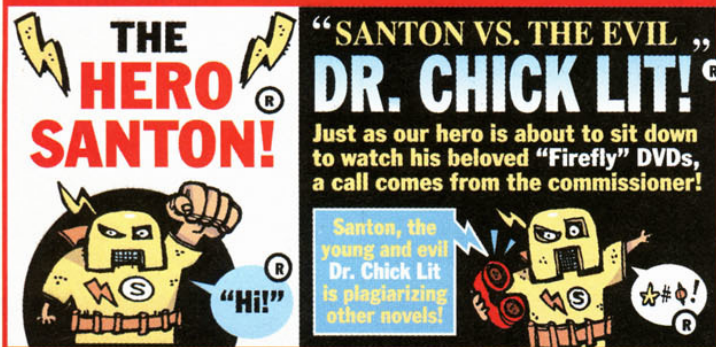
THE STRIP CLUB

MIDDLE SCHOOL Nostradamus

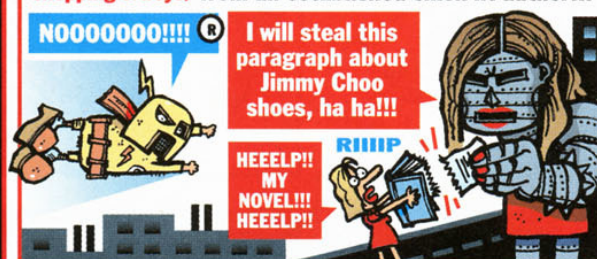


SIMON RICH/M.K. PERKER

YOUR ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE ZEITGEIST!



Santon is stunned! If our country's **precious chick lit** can't be protected, then what can be?! He arrives just as the incredibly young and evil **DR. CHICK LIT** is about to rip off yet another crappy paragraph (about shopping & boys) from an established chick lit author!!!



With millions of chick lit novels hanging in the balance, Santon swoops in for the kill, but the evil **DR. CHICK LIT** dashes into a Barnes & Noble and starts an impromptu book-signing — and Santon is at the end of the line!!!

This line is **TOO LONG!** This'll take forever! Curse you, Dr. Chick Lit!

Foiled again, Santon!!



There's little time, but then Santon realizes there's a way to get a warning out to **MILLIONS** of chick lit authors and readers almost **INSTANTLY** — you join **MySpace!** Santon signs up and posts a warning!!



It works. Millions of authors are saved! Our hero, exhausted, goes home to hug his girlfriend, Mary Jane Watson, and check on his dear old Aunt May.

With great power comes great responsibility!

"HOMAGE" DO NOT SUE

DON ASMUSSEN

I'M WITH STUPID

FISH SUICIDES.

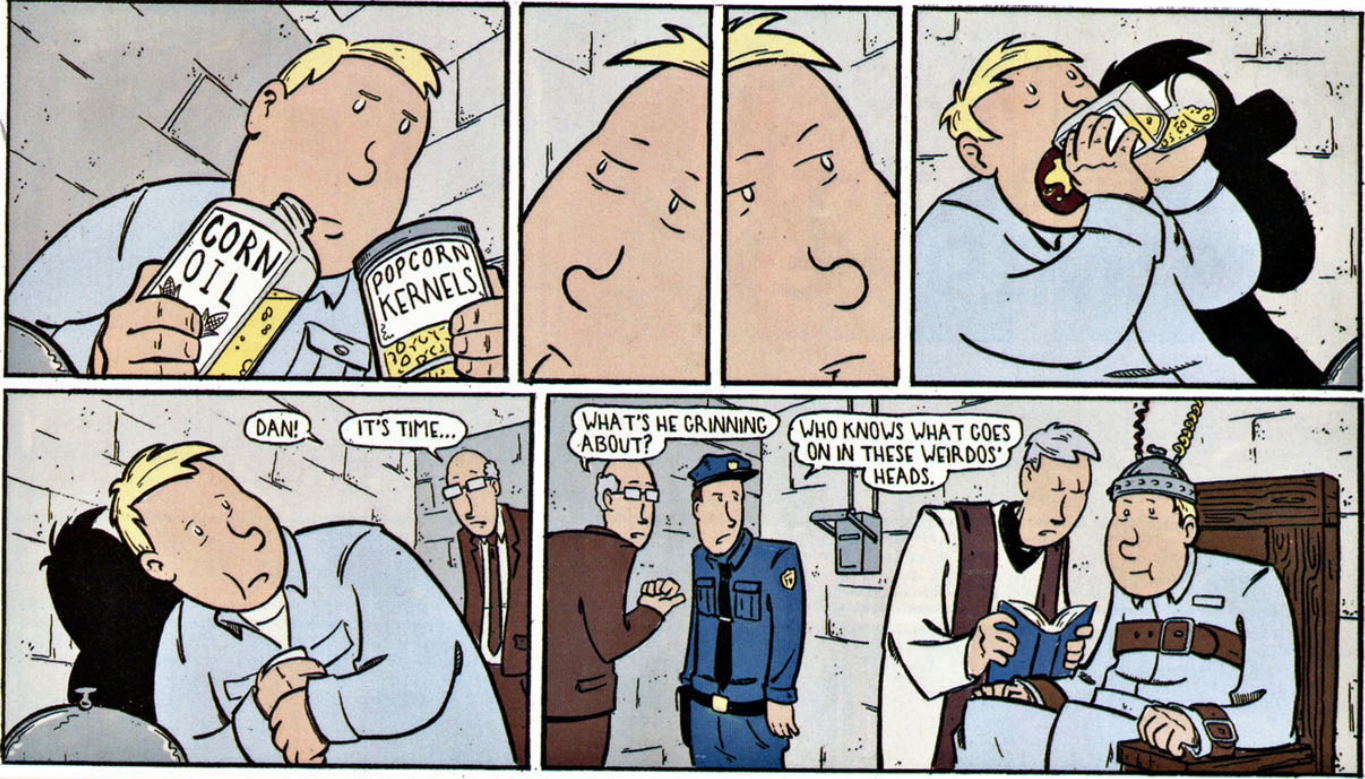


Noooooo!

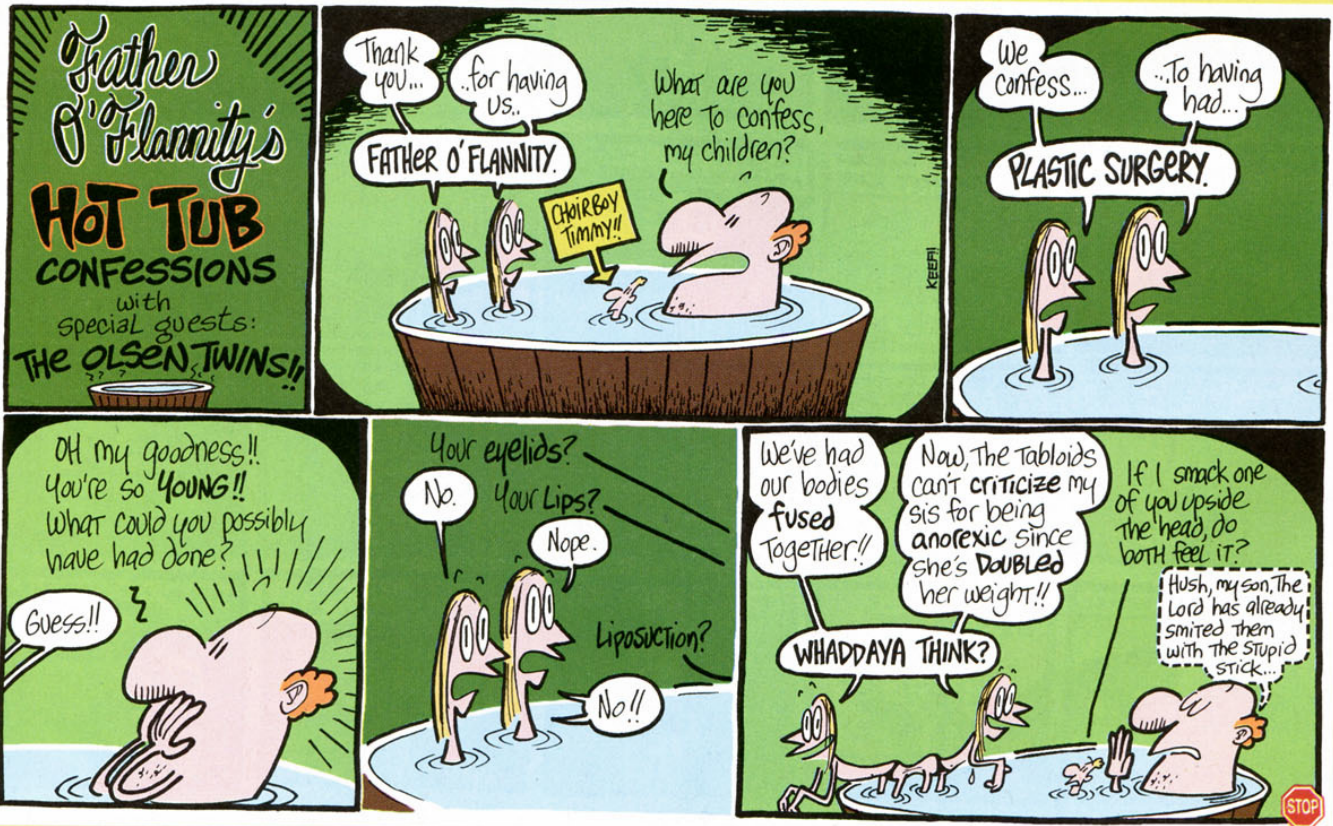


RICH MOYER

JUST BELOW THE SURFACE

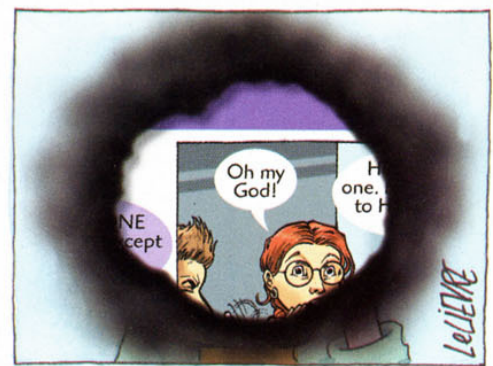


DOUGLAS PASZKIEWICZ



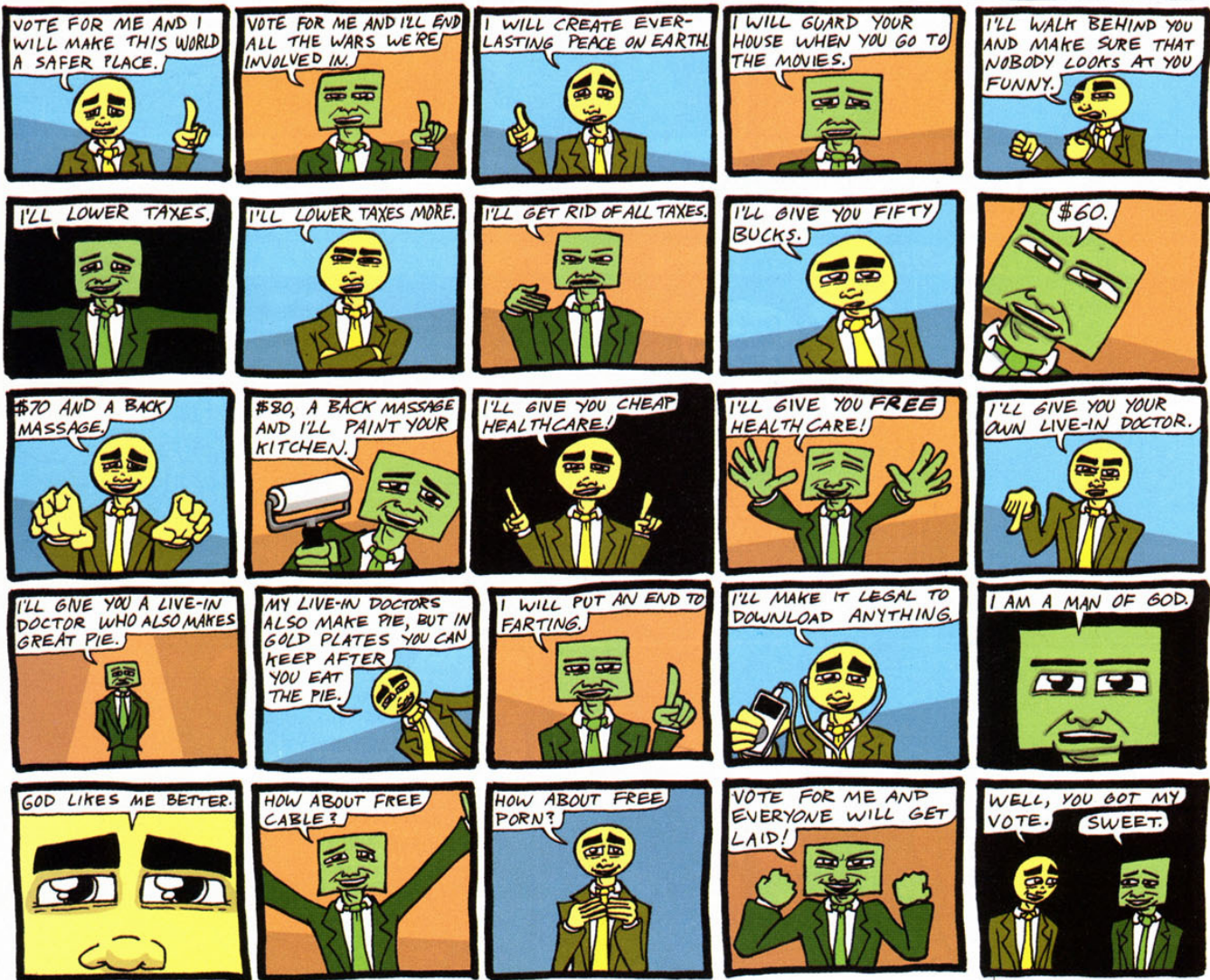
KEITH KNIGHT

WHY
CARTOONS
SHOULDN'T
SMOKE



GLEN LE LIEVRE

The PANDERING PROCESS



DUSTIN GLICK

SHOW 'EM
YOUR
**HEAD
SHRINKER!!**

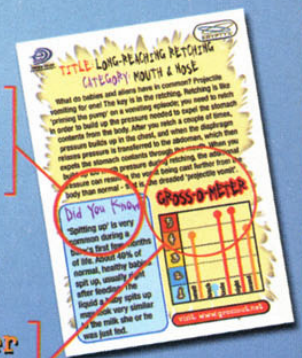
THE GROSSEST
TRADING CARDS
EVER!



Did You Know?
Features Little
Known gross facts

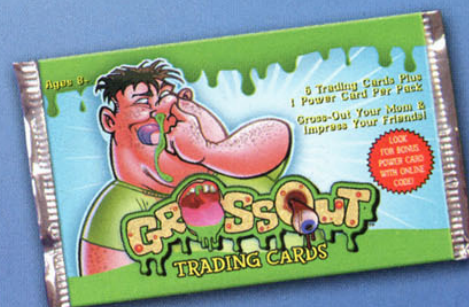
Gross Imagery
Funny and gross
illustrations

Gross-O-Meter
Rates just how
gross your card is



GROSSOUT
TRADING CARDS

WWW.GROSSOUT.NET



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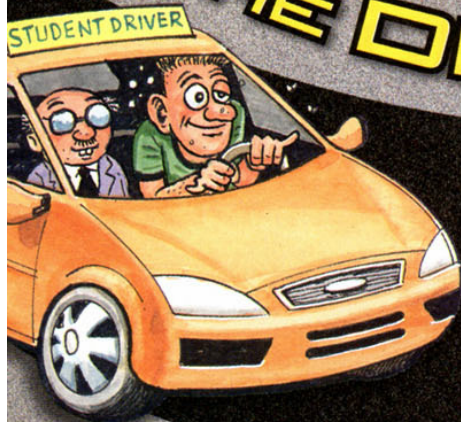




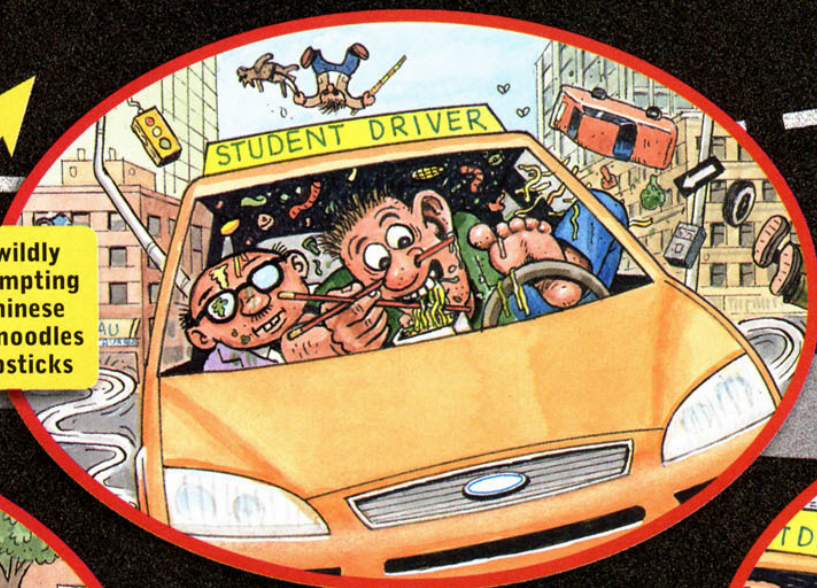
THE WHEEL DEAL DEPT.

As any driver knows, the biggest hurdle to getting your license (after wasting away at the DMV for endless hours) is the dreaded road test — ten nervous minutes puttering around a glorified parking lot, your every move watched by a humorless goon with pants up to his nipples. But the worst part is that, in taking the test, you don't learn skills that are *really* necessary! How can America's new drivers be better prepared for the ridiculous realities of the road? Easy, just make them take...

THE DMV ROAD TEST



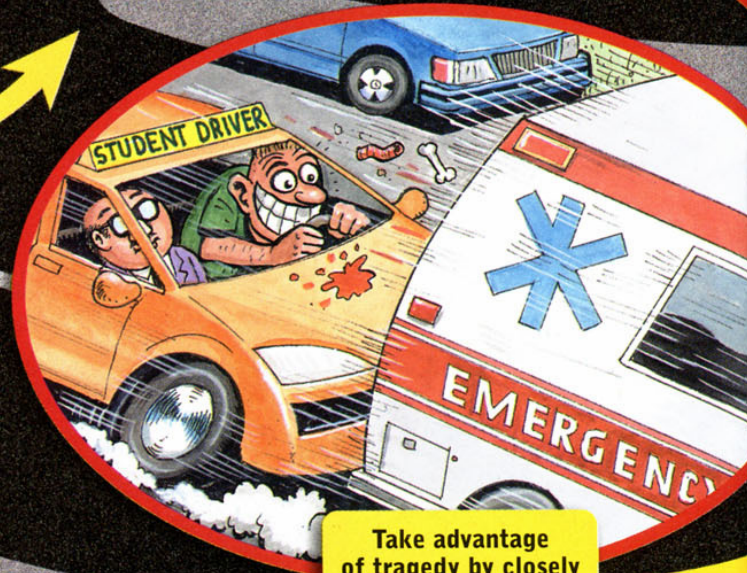
Swerve wildly while attempting to eat Chinese chow fun noodles with chopsticks



Swerve wildly again while ogling soft-porn vodka billboard



Make dangerously-wide left turn while reaching for ringing cell phone under front passenger seat

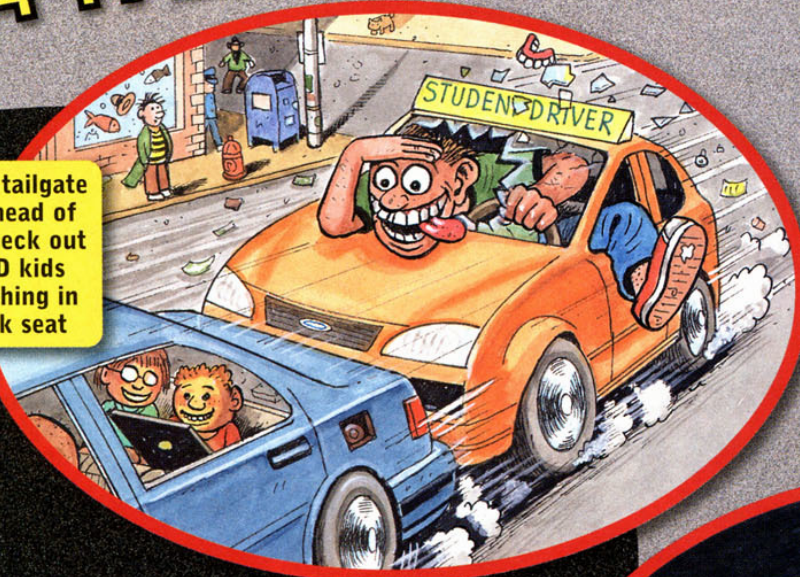


Take advantage of tragedy by closely following speeding emergency vehicle

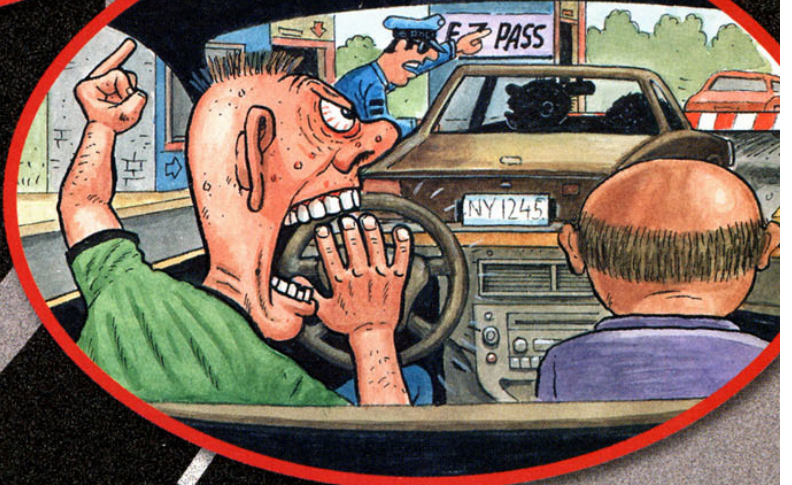
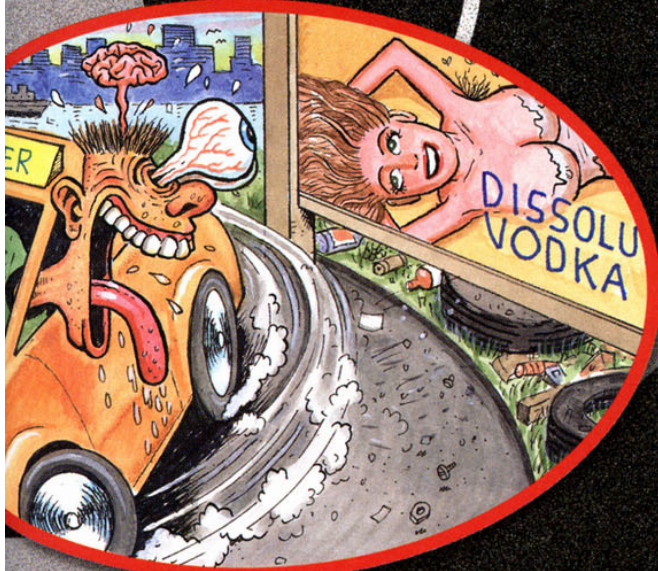


FOR THE REAL WORLD

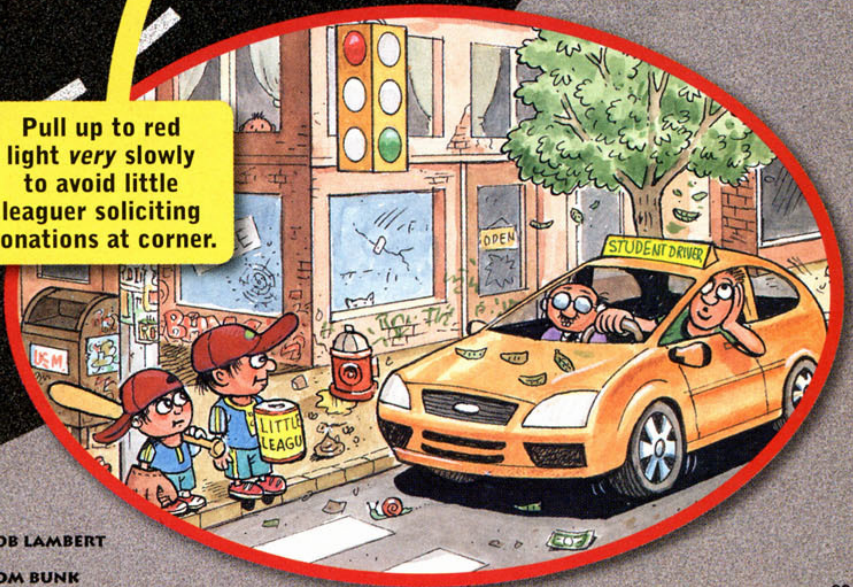
Foolishly tailgate driver ahead of you to check out the DVD kids are watching in the back seat



Honk horn and swear loudly at car ahead which got into E-ZPass lane but doesn't have E-ZPass



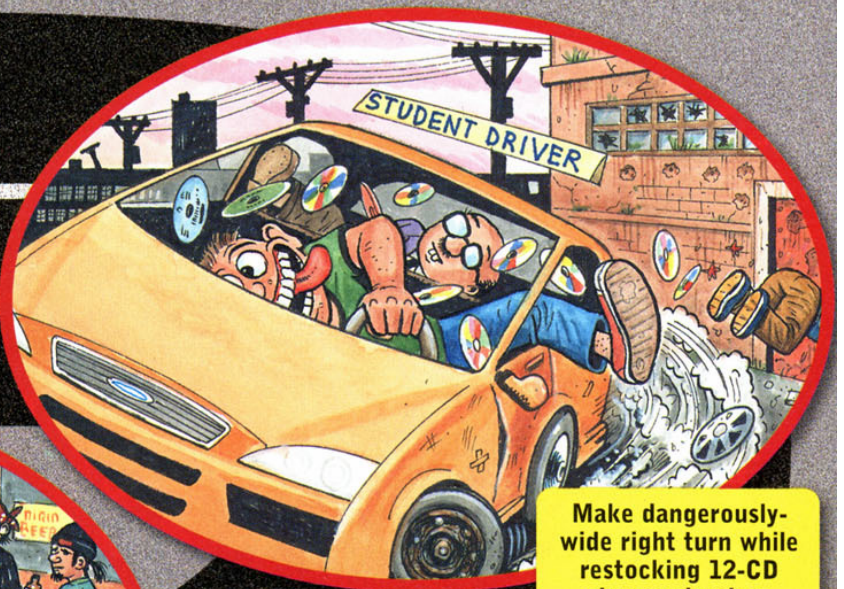
Pull up to red light very slowly to avoid little leaguer soliciting donations at corner.



WRITER: JACOB LAMBERT

ARTIST: TOM BUNK

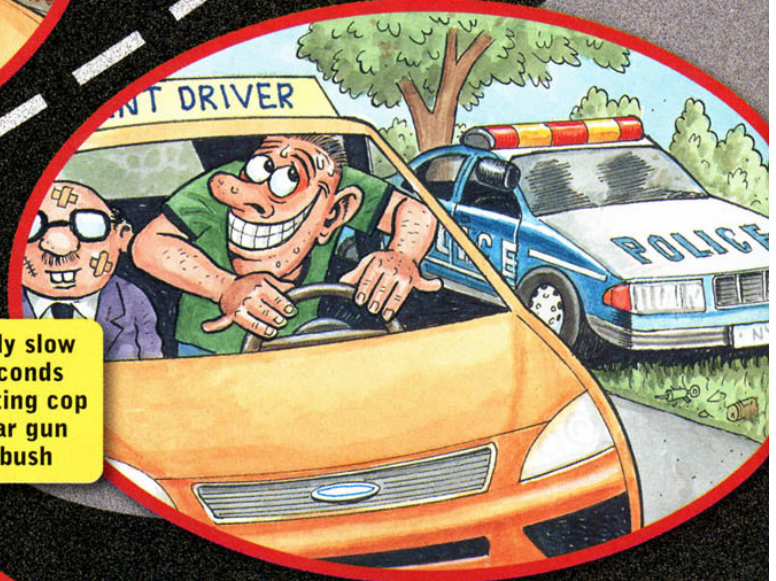
Produce deafening
peel-out tire
squeal to impress
"dudes" hanging
out in front of 7-11



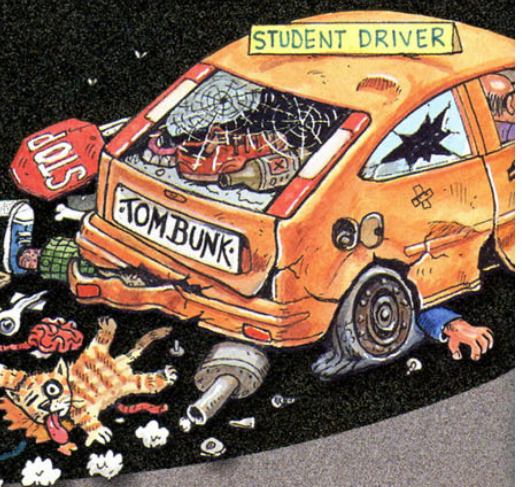
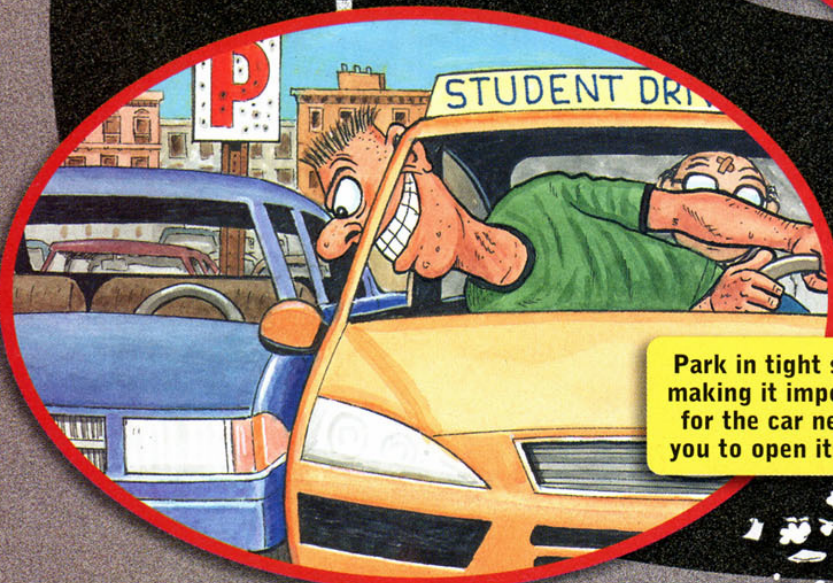
Make dangerously-
wide right turn while
restocking 12-CD
changer in glove
compartment



Pointlessly slow
down seconds
after spotting cop
with radar gun
behind bush



Park in tight space,
making it impossible
for the car next to
you to open its door





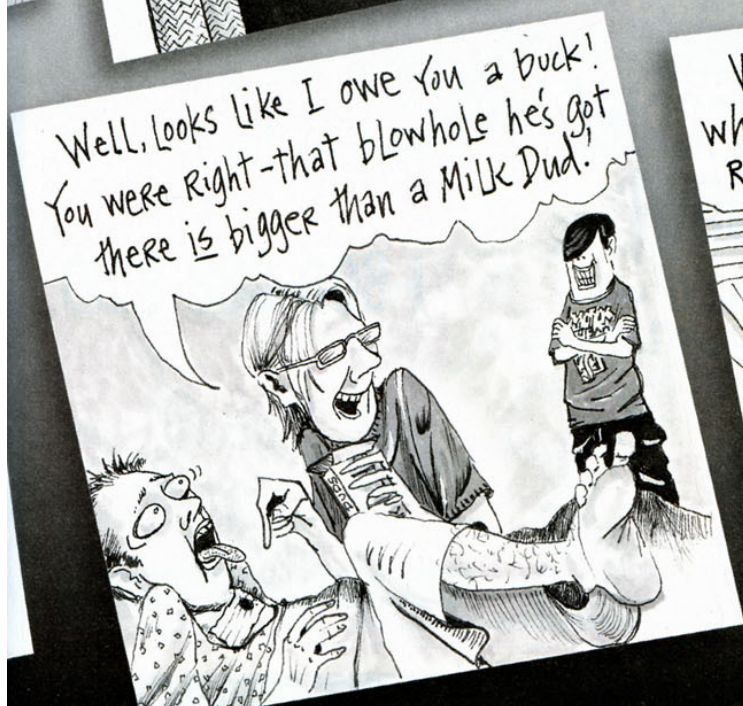
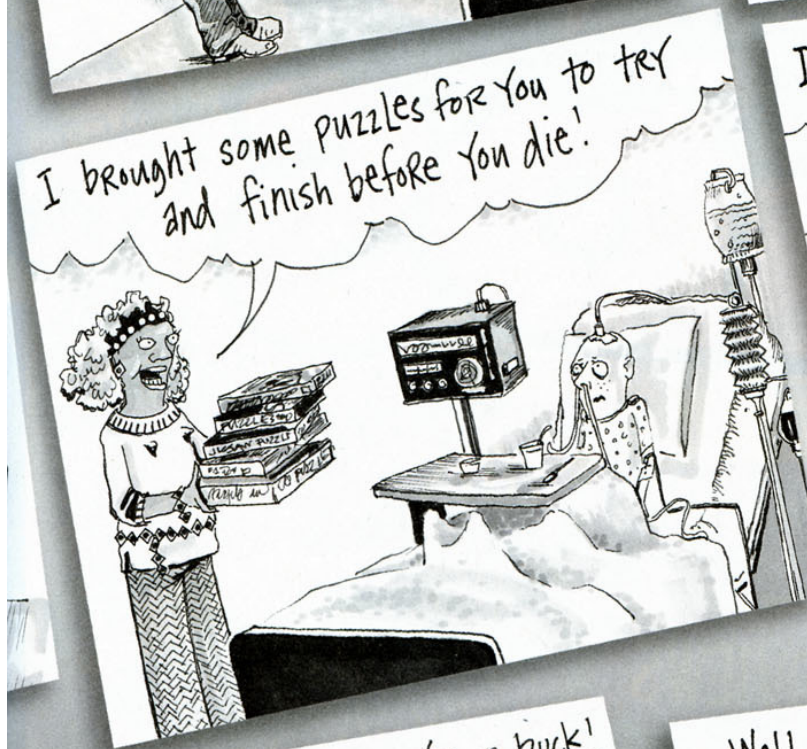
THE SICK SENSE DEPT.

If there's one thing worse than staying in a hospital, it's visiting a hospital (at least when you're staying, you get free Jell-o and a remote-controlled bed). However, for those unfortunate occasions when you can't avoid seeing someone worse off than yourself, here are a few behaviors you might try to avoid as MAD illustrates...

10 THINGS NOT TO SAY DURING A HOSPITAL VISIT



WRITER AND ARTIST:
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



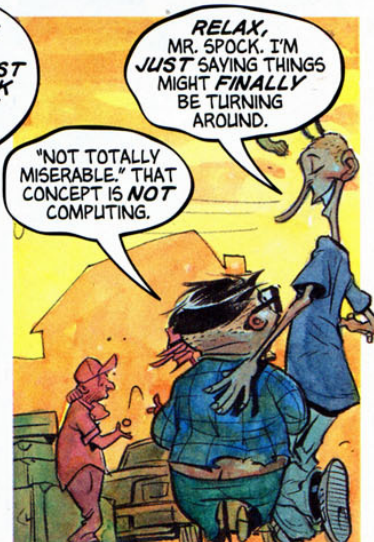
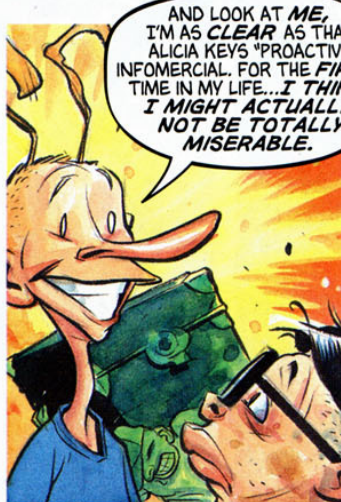
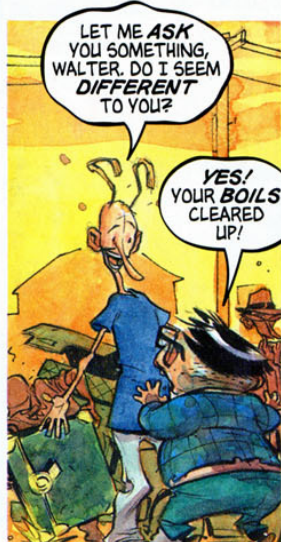


Like a phoenix
rising from the ashes,
our hero rises from
the dung heap. It's...

MONROE

and...

The New Beginning

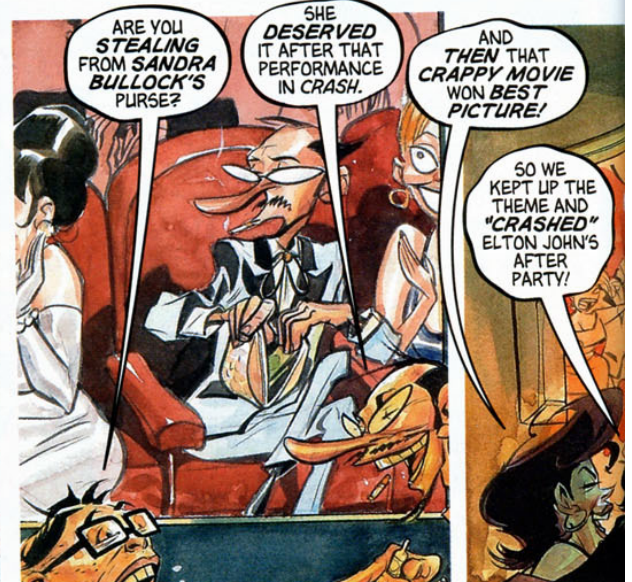


WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI
ARTIST: TOM FOWLER



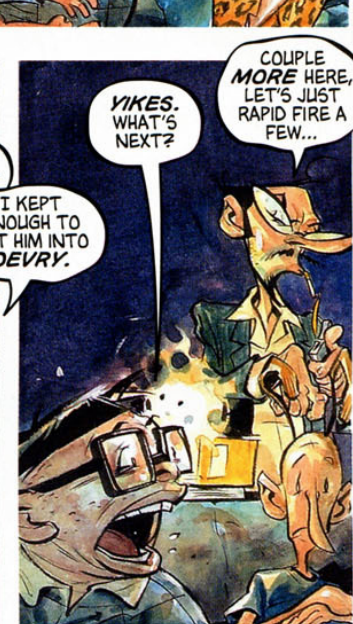
I THINK ALL WE REALLY NEEDED WAS TO GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE FOR AWHILE.

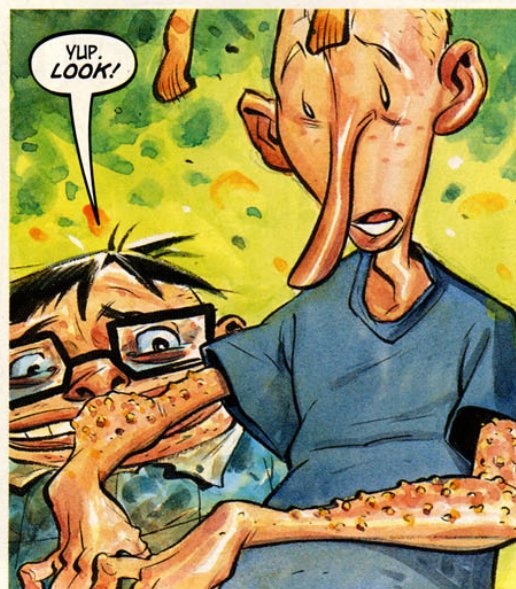
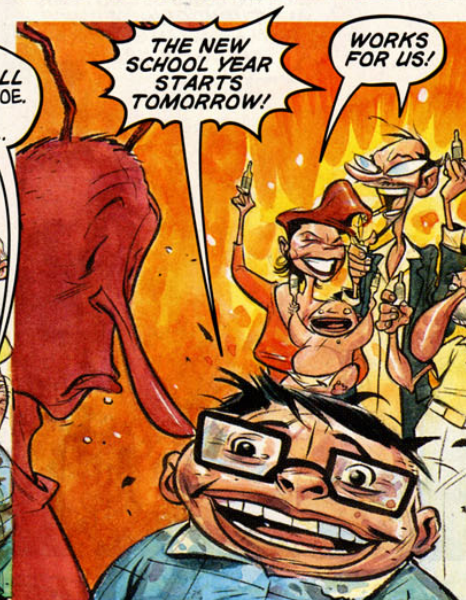
SPEAKING OF... HOW ABOUT GETTING THESE BAGS THE HELL OUTTA THE DRIVEWAY?



AND THEN THAT CRAPPY MOVIE WON BEST PICTURE!

SO WE KEPT UP THE THEME AND "CRASHED" ELTON JOHN'S AFTER PARTY!







BREAKING THE LORE DEPT.

The Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Santa — these are household names in the U.S. (what with their gift-giving and kid-loving!). But what if you don't live in America? (It sounds amazing, but some people don't!) What magical, pretend characters do those kids have? Good question! Here are...

CHILDREN'S HOLI FROM 'ROUND

IRELAND THE PINT-BEARIN' GOAT

After a long day of milking, an Irish lad ends his 12th birthday with his milking pail at his bedside, in hopes of a visit from the pint-bearing goat. If the lad is deemed "man enough," he'll awake to the "plunk" of a shiny new Euro hitting the bottom of his pail. Fishing it out in a flash, it's on to the pub, where the boy can cash in the coin for his very first pint of ale! That night, he'll keep that same bucket by his bed, for when sickness wakes him as he sleeps off his first bender.

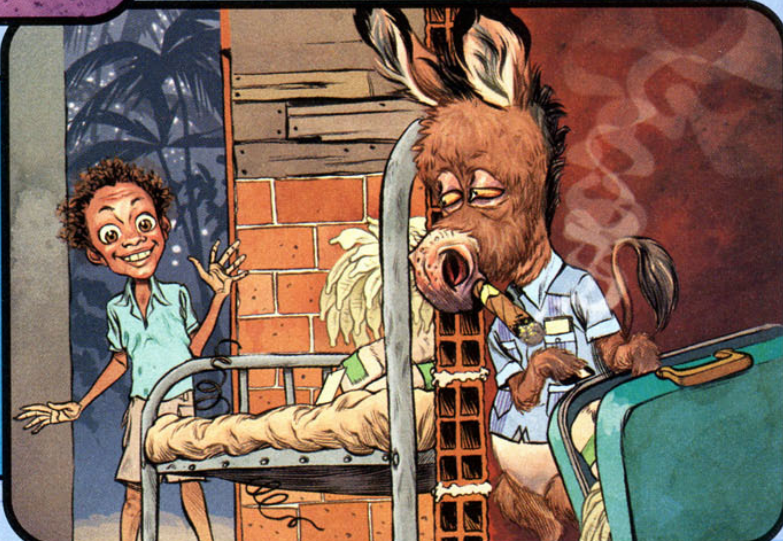


ITALY IL RASOIO PICCOLO (THE LIL' SHAVER)

Every young Italian miss dreams of the morning she'll wake from her slumber to find she's been visited by the magical Lil' Shaver! Once her eyes land upon the La Bambina-brand Shaving Kit and Hot Lather Machine that the Lil' Shaver has quietly left at her bedside, she knows that she may remove any unwanted facial hair and is now truly a woman!

HONDURAS LA MULA MÁGICA DE LA MULA-COSECHA (THE MAGICAL MULE-PICKING MULE)

It's every Honduran child's dream to be plucked from the team of cocoa leaf pickers and elevated to the status of "Drug Mule" — a glamorous world of exotic pharmaceuticals, exciting travel opportunities and digestive endurance. Returning from the field each night, the kids hope to find the Magical Mule-Picking Mule's calling card: a bouquet of uninflated balloons and the accompanying "cargo." The promise of a better life as a sphincter-straining frequent-flier is now within their grasp!



DAY CHARACTERS THE WORLD



JAPAN

調査の金魚 (The Study Koi)

Japanese boys and girls acquire the ancient art of over-achieving through the teachings of this bug-eyed monitor. With every school night comes the Koi's backpack inspection and, come morning, the students race to their kitchen to see what awaits. Good work is rewarded with a spicy tuna roll in their lunch bag. But sloppy, incorrect work is left soggy and crumpled, to be done again over a tear-filled breakfast. It's through this tough-love that successes are molded!

FRANCE

La Fee De Poop (The Poop Fairy)

The wee ones of France are given an extra incentive to potty train, thanks to that scatological sprite, the Poop Fairy! For centuries, this magical pixie has rewarded the dutiful children who learn to do their filthy business without complaining or soiling the floor tiles. When the little ones return to the toilette after their first successful training session, their bodily waste will be gone — and a decadent, fudgie truffle left in its place!



RUSSIA

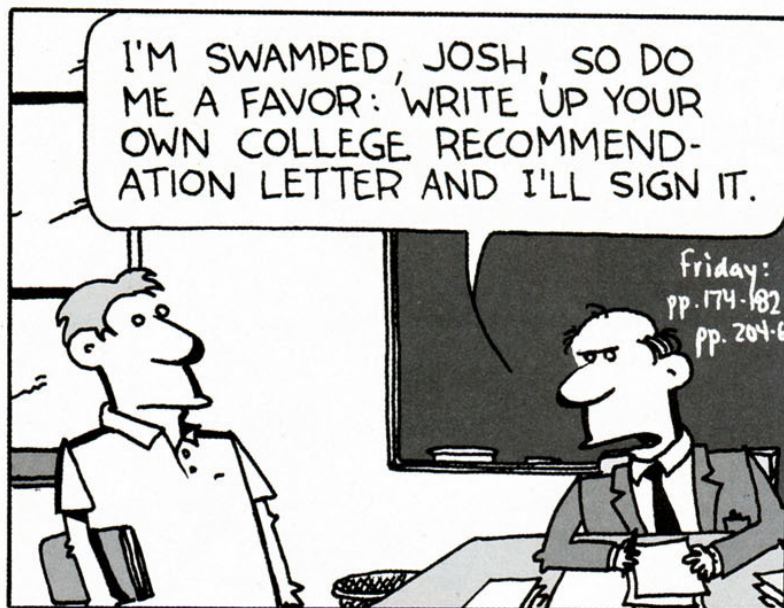
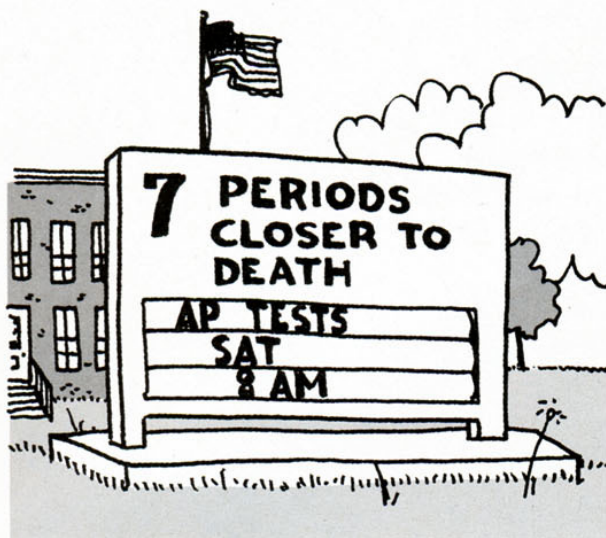
БОЛЬШОЙ БОСС ПРОСТИТЧТКИ (THE GREAT PIMPIN)

At the magical age of twelve, a young lady from Moscow is officially eligible to become a beautiful Mail Order Bride. As she goes to bed each night, she hopes she'll rise the next morning to find a ten pack of "Unnatural Shades of Blue" eye shadow left under her pillow. She then knows the Great Pimpkin has come and her lonely days will soon be over!



WRITER: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA



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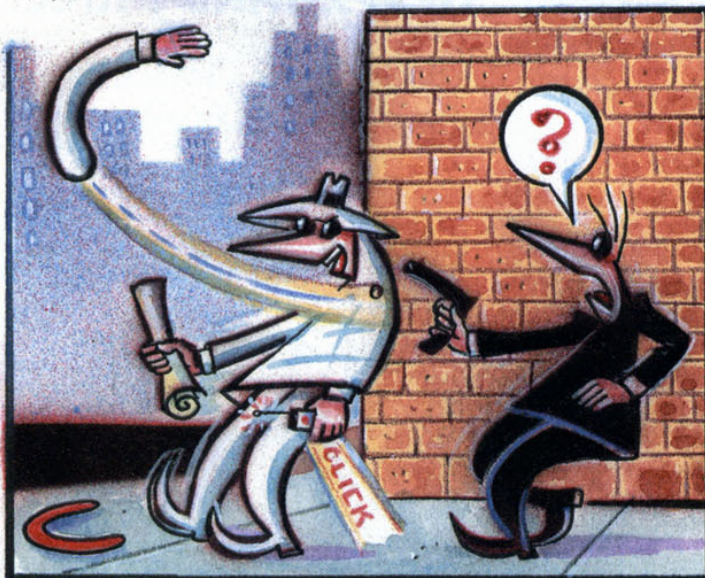
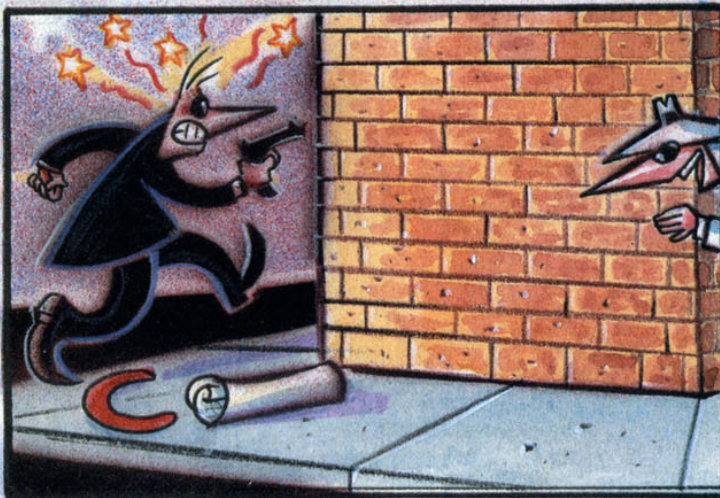
MON-FRI 8 A.M. – 11 P.M.

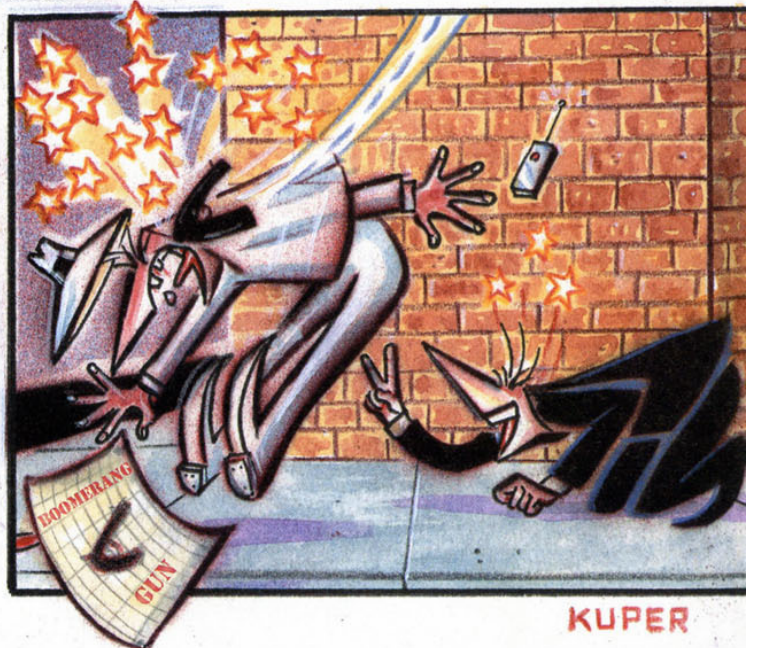
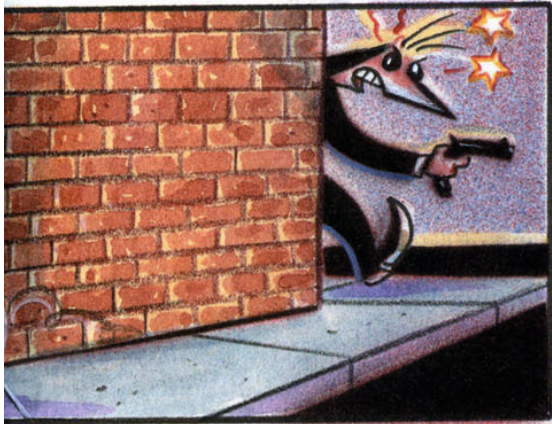
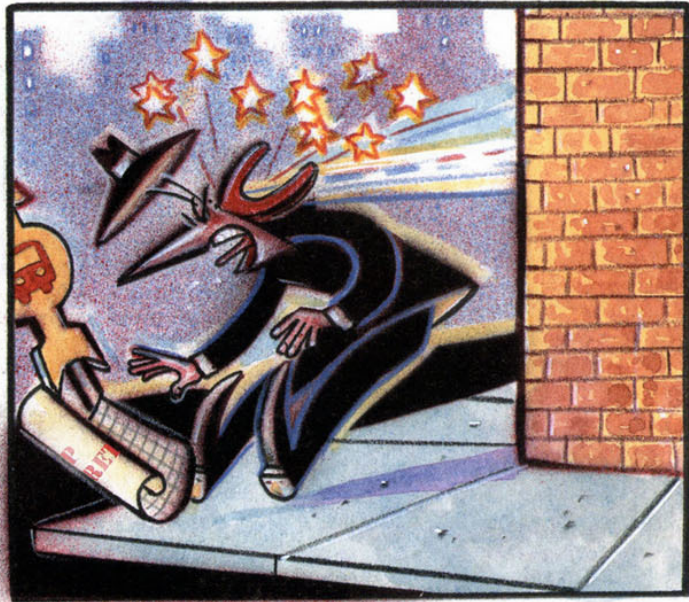
SAT 9 A.M. – 6 P.M. Eastern Time

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WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER

KUPER



IF COOKS COULD KILL DEPT.

I'm Chef Ramrod, and I'm a master chef. In fact, I took the schtick from my show that runs in England, reheated it and turned it into a delicious hit here in the U.S. Whew! I just set a personal world's record...that previous sentence was the first *%&^%ing sentence I've said in the past ten *%&^%ing years that didn't have a *%&^%ing curse word in it! Like I said, I'm a *%&^%ing world famous chef!! Who gives a rat's ass that I haven't personally prepared a dish in five years! It doesn't *%&^%ing matter because in the kitchen, I still have plenty to do! I'm a purveyor of put-downs, a server of sarcasm and above all, the master chef of melodrama! Oops, sorry! I meant to say: the master chef of *%&^%ing melodrama! And everything I serve up comes with a big *%&^%ing side dish of obnoxiousness! In fact, I scream and shout so much, they call my restaurant...

Working under Chef Ramrod is difficult, but I've learned so much from him already! I learned how to pass the blame on anything I screw up, make my teammates look like s#*t and curse better than any *%&^%ing longshoreman in America! After this experience I doubt if I'll be fit to go back to my old job, head chef at Our Lady of the *%&^%ing Angels Elementary School!

When I found out I was selected to be on this show, I made a vow that no matter how much Chef Ramrod cursed and screamed, I wouldn't break down in tears! It's working, and my special tortellini dish is the reason why! No, I didn't cook them to impress Chef Ramrod! I cooked them so I could stuff them in my ears!

I learned how to cook from my grandmother! She would make the weirdest dishes! It was just the two of us. Well, it started out with 12 of us, but ten died of food poisoning! What I bring to this show is inventiveness in the kitchen! Carrying on my grandmother's tradition, I'm very clever! How clever? I once made a delicious pot roast — out of cream, egg noodles and a chicken!

I know I should be asking for help, but with Chef Ramrod that would come across as a weakness! So I'll just burn here in this grease fire and hope he doesn't notice!

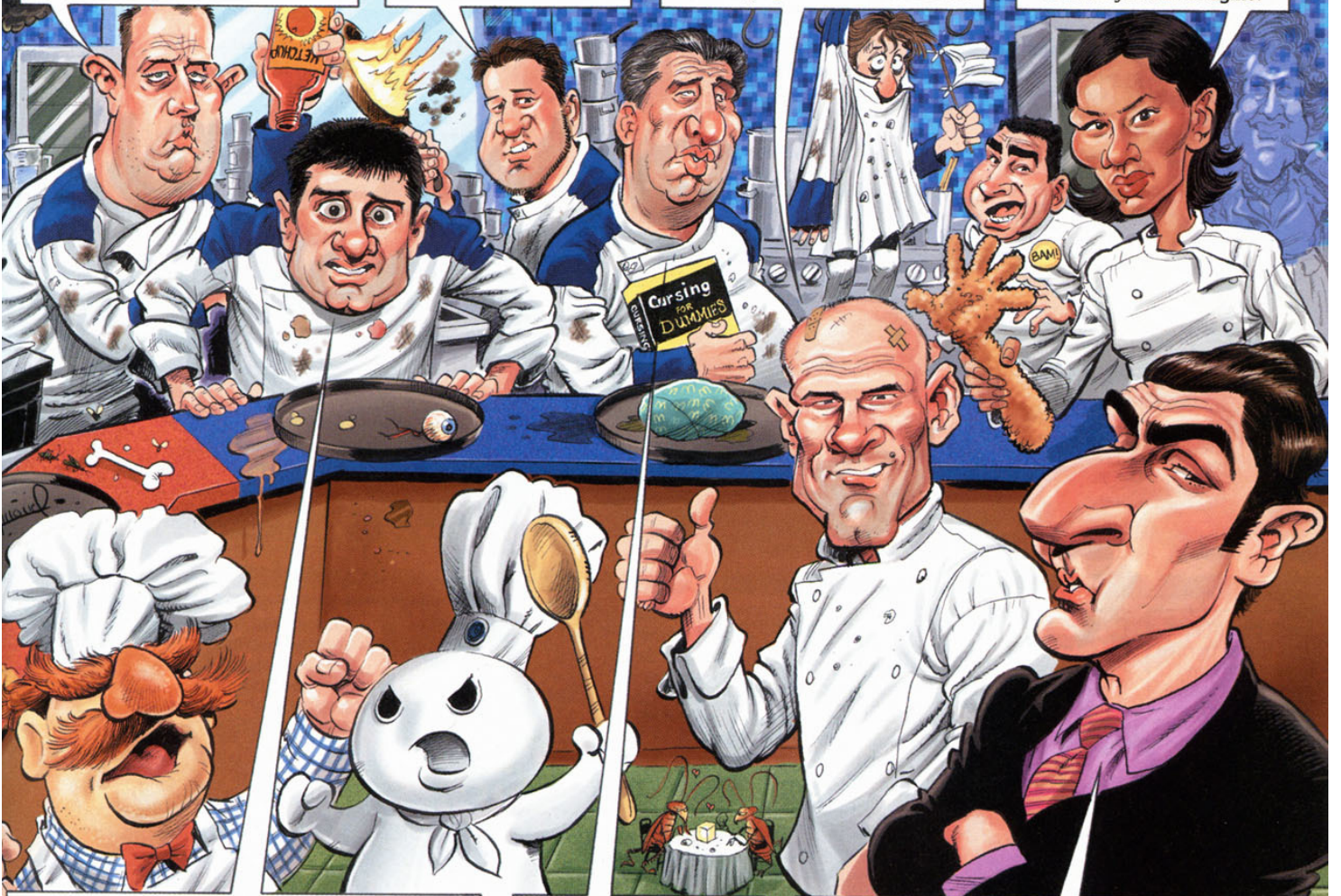
YELL'S KITCHEN

I'm **Beef!** I've worked in **Miami Beach**, in the **Caribbean**, **Key West** and even the trendy **Hamptons** in **New York!** Everywhere I've worked everyone's **complimented** me on the **food** I've **prepared!** Of course, there is a **slight advantage** to only working in well-known **resort areas!** You rarely serve a **meal** to anybody who's **sober**, so they pretty much like **anything** I put on the **table!** Or **under** the table, if they're **really plastered!**

I worked in a **prison** kitchen, cooking for **pimps, prostitutes, counterfeiters, even murderers!** It's quite different than it is **here**, so I'm going to do my best to **screw up** so I can get **back** to feeding **people** who are a hell of lot more **pleasant and less profane** than **Chef Ramrod!**

I know that there are supposed to be **five people** on each **team**, but **Chef Ramrod** already **eliminated** one of them last **week!** Normally, at the **end** of each episode **Chef Ramrod** demands that **one of the chefs** **takes off** his **jacket** and hangs it up. Last week, **Chef Ramrod** was so **angry** he didn't even **wait** until the guy removed his **jacket!** That's **him** hanging there. **Jacket** and all!

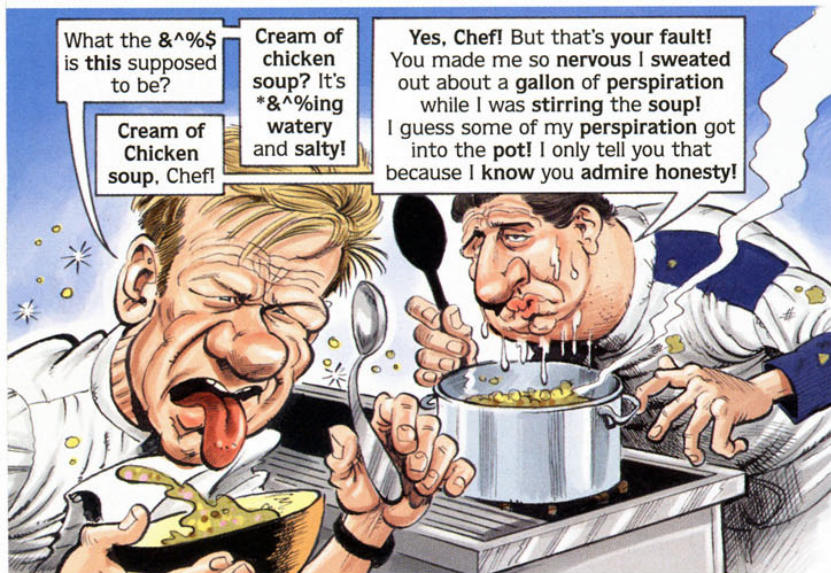
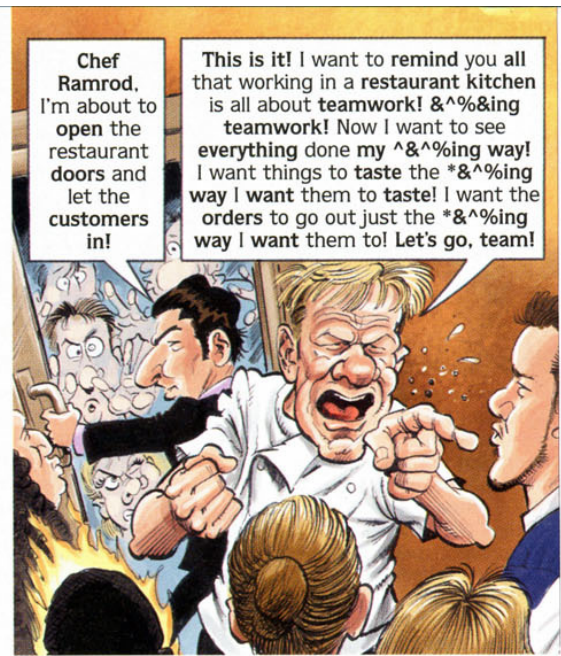
Chef Ramrod eliminated one chef from the women's team, too. She was guilty of one of Chef Ramrod's cardinal sins — using far too many bread crumbs! He made an example of her the others will never forget! He breaded and deep-fried her! But with just the thinnest, most delicate coat of bread crumbs you can imagine!

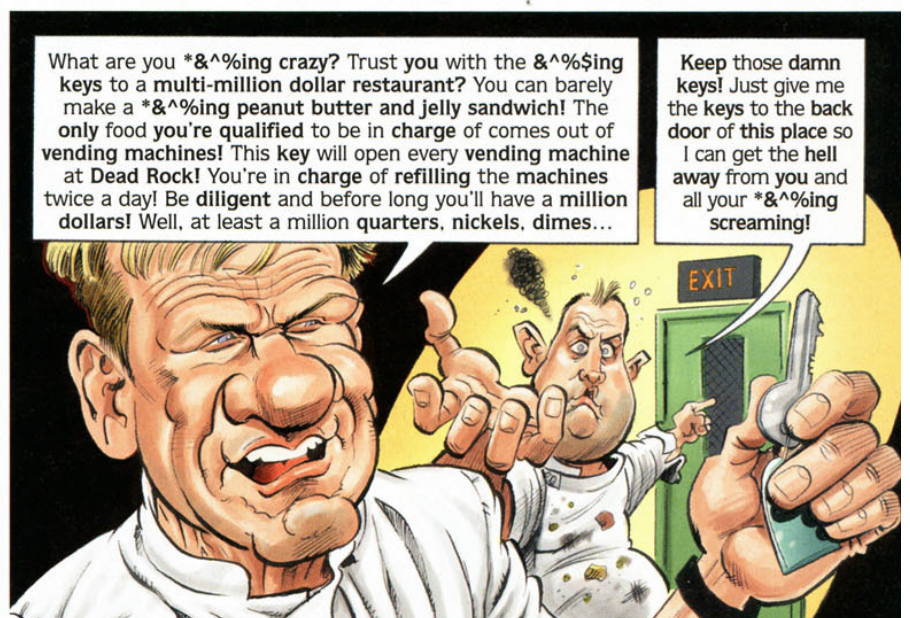
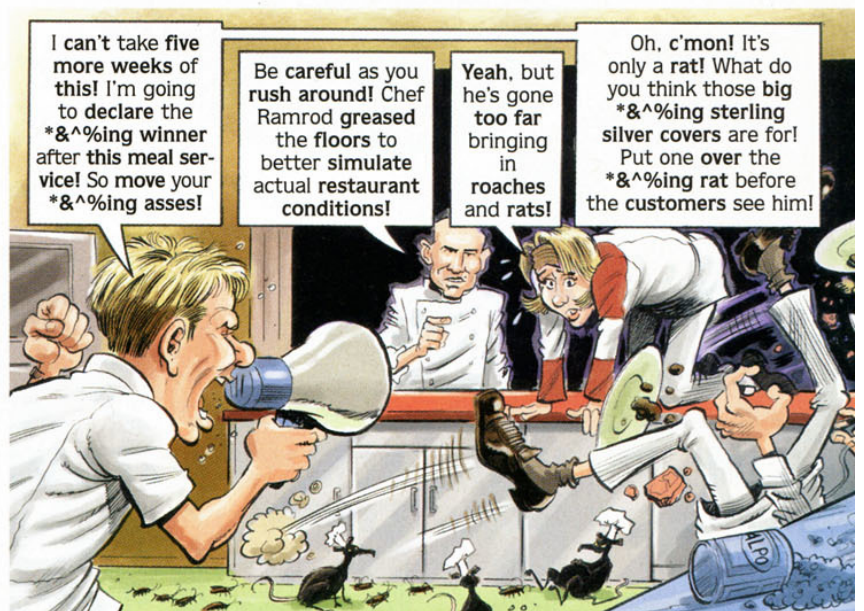
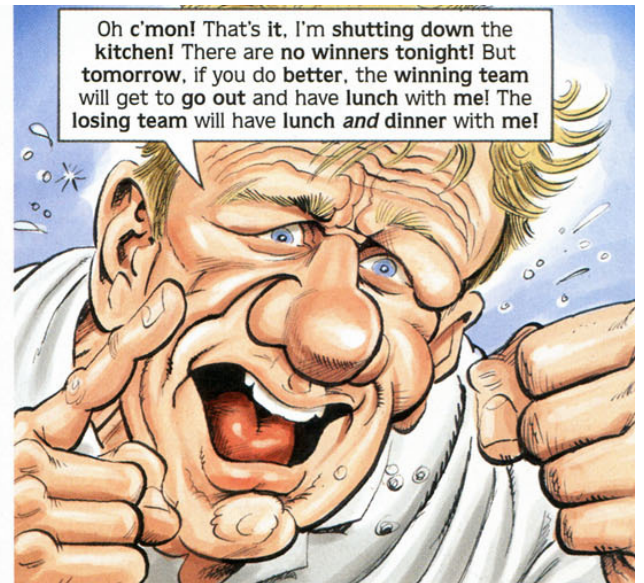


Trying to **please** Chef Ramrod is **impossible!** He has never found **anything** I've done to be **correct!** I mean, I was **boiling water** and **before** I even got to put the **pasta** in, he came over and said the **water** looked **underdone!** God, I've **got** to **succeed** on this **show!** It's my **last** chance! So far I've been **booted off** *American Idol*, I **lost** on *So You Think You Can Dance*, and I **failed** on *America's Next Top Model!* I'm running out of TV shows that can give me a **career!**

I watched **every** episode of this series **last** season in order to **prepare!** But now that I've started dealing with **Chef Ramrod** in **person**, I realize the series I *should* have been watching to **prepare** for this was *The Sopranos!*

I'm Jean Fill-up and I have what it takes to be a good maitre'd! I'm Belgian, so my nose is raised in the air just enough to make customers know I'm superior! I know that a good maitre'd has to make sure that every single patron leaves this restaurant with an experience they will never forget! And trust me, with the swearing, poor service, lousy food and at least one of the chefs breaking down in tears at every meal, I know that they will never forget their meal here!





WHAT GROUP IS
GUILTY OF THE
MOST FLAGRANT
INVASION OF
PRIVACY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

We live in a time when it's nearly impossible to keep a secret. With so many prying eyes, it seems that everyone knows everybody's business. There's one group, however, that has been responsible for the most despicable violations. To find out who they are, fold page in as shown.



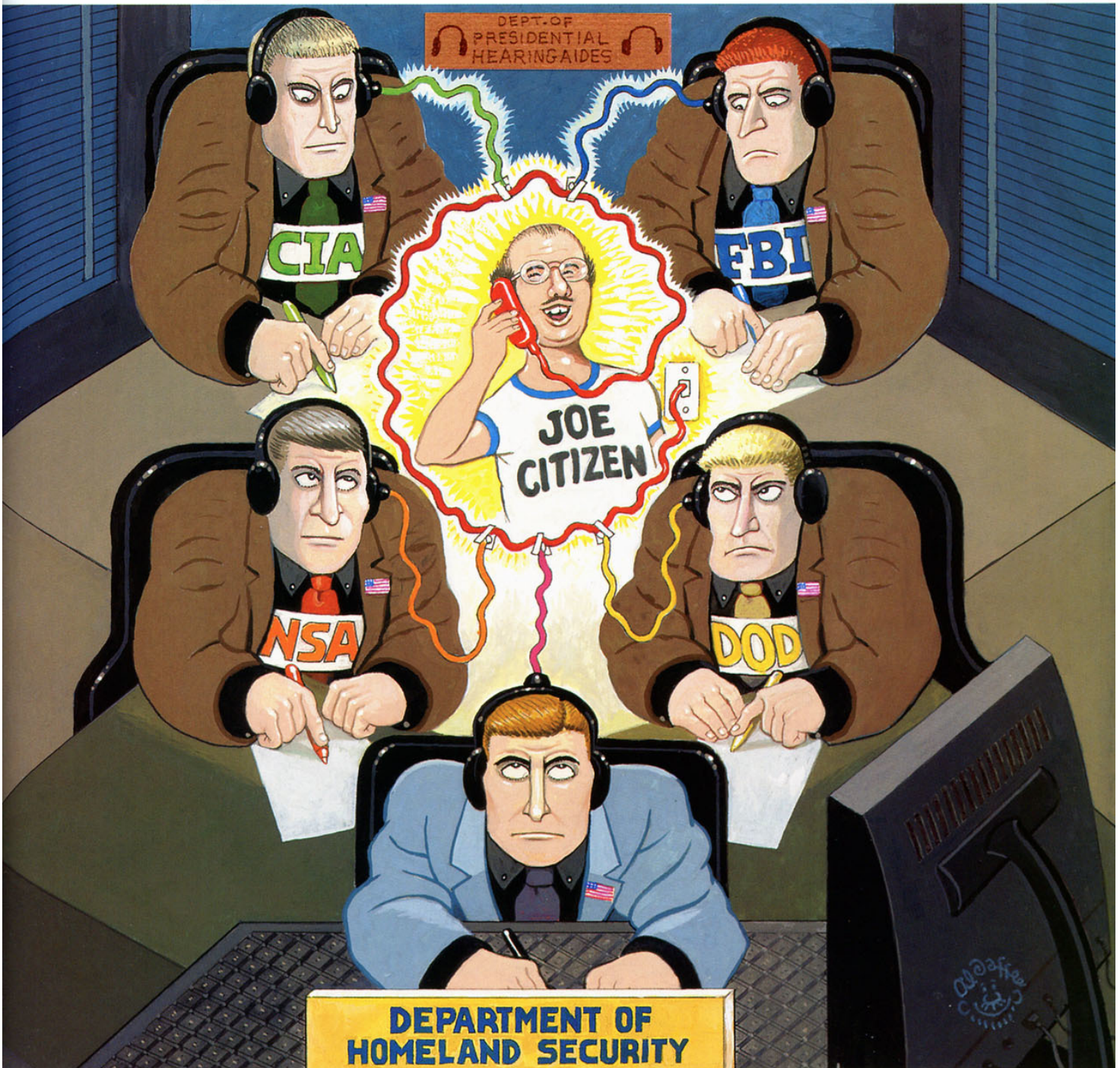
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



PARTICULAR FORMS OF SPYING ARE NECESSARY. RECENT
SNEAKY METHODS ARE NOT. MOST SPOOKS ARE STOOPING
LOW TO INVAD OUR PRIVACY. THEY RELY ON
MYSTIFYING GADGETRY TO STEADILY INCREASE THEIR PACE

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

B

WHAT GROUP IS
GUILTY OF THE
MOST FLAGRANT
INVASION OF
PRIVACY?

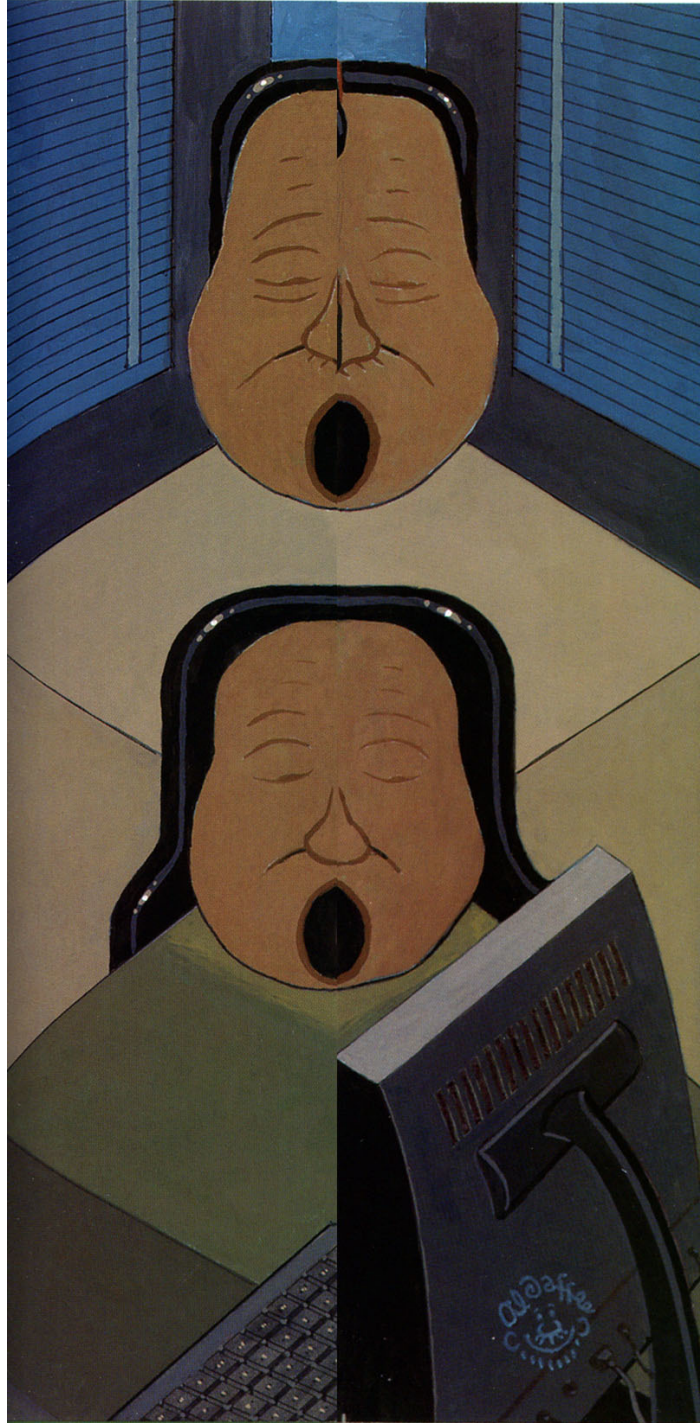


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



PARENT
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